

The Herald

VOLUME LXVII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889.

NUMBER 26.

Zion's Herald.

LEAGUE EDITION.

Price of League Edition, issued on the last Wednesday of each month (July and August excepted) for ten numbers, 50 cents.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
86 Bromfield Street, Boston.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.
Price including postage \$1.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

This last issue for June is devoted mainly to the interests of the Young People's Christian League.

The paragraphs from the president's Note book on page 2 will receive due attention, as also his "Notes on Letters" and "Questions and Answers" on page 6. Mrs. Sarah J. Bragg furnishes a suggestive and timely article on "Visitation and Flower Missions" for the League—a paper read at the late convention in Wesley Church, Salem.

The seventh and last installment in Judge Hitchcock's able series on "Our Church Economy" is given—a lucid explanation of the methods of appointing the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. F. N. Upham heralds encouraging reports from the field; and additional information about local Leagues will be found in the weekly contributions of four regular district correspondents.

From the "Pilgrim's Wallet" is reprinted Bishop Gilbert Haven's account of his visit to Epworth School thirty years ago—a pertinent sketch for reading aloud at an Epworth League meeting.

Rev. F. H. Knight's comments on the July prayer-meeting topics are, as usual, fresh and practically helpful. The girls will all be interested in Mrs. Plank's story of one day's "Opportunities"—opportunities to do the Master's work notwithstanding disappointment.

Explanations are given regarding the "Charter of the Epworth League," the "Leaves," and a list of "Prayer-meeting Topics" for six months.

President W. F. Warren's erudite and inspiring Baccalaureate on "Giordano Bruno and Liberty" appears in full on page 1, and we advise all our thinking young people to give it a careful reading.

"Effective Preaching" is effectively discussed, on page 3, by Rev. C. S. Cummings, of Rockland, Me.

The last leaves of the Editor's Note Book are reached, giving a description of his homeward flight.

THE OUTLOOK.

Tourists at Naples are enjoying the rare and exciting spectacle of Vesuvius in eruption. Since May the lava has been overflowing on the eastern side, a molten stream about two miles in length, at present, while smoke pours in dense clouds from the crater, and occasional thunderous ebullitions of red-hot stones testify to the tremendous energy within. This energy may subside, or it may gather its strength until there comes an outburst similar to that of 1872. Prof. Palmieri's seismeter, connected by electrical wires with the crater, records every movement down to the faintest vibration. Dwellers in the villages of that region may have cause for thankfulness if they escape the fiery deluge.

Whether the present eruption has any connection with the great spot on the sun that has lately become visible, is not clearly made out. The spot is big enough to be seen without a telescope, by the aid merely of a piece of smoked glass. There would be space for three bodies the size of our earth to be swallowed up by this "spot," which is, no doubt, the precursor of many similar phenomena, these spots having a periodic recurrence of about eleven years. They have recently begun to appear after an interval of five or six years. With the enlarged astronomical facilities furnished by the Lick Observatory, some progress ought to be made in determining the cause of these strange phenomena, and of arriving at some conclusion concerning their connection with volcanic and other disturbances.

The expedition for the determination of the Alaskan boundary has sailed from San Francisco. It consists of two sections, detailed from the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which will divide among themselves the work of defining the 141st meridian, and of determining the course of the Yukon, our largest river, and of the Porcupine, its most important northern affluent. The gold miners on the border will be enabled by the survey to determine whether they are working on American or Canadian soil. The geographer of the expedition is Prof. Russell, of the Smithsonian Institution. Much valuable and accurate information, it is expected, will be gathered by these exploring parties.

Two important submarine cable enterprises are to be undertaken this year, one connecting Honolulu with San Francisco (towards which \$1,000,000 have already been subscribed in this country), and the other a Chilean scheme, the cable to be laid in the Straits of Magellan, from Sandy Point on the Atlantic side, to Melipall at the head of the Gulf of Chiloe on the Pacific side. The length under water of the latter, with connections with five intermediate ports, will be about one thousand miles. When it is remembered how large a volume of commerce flows through that tortuous southern strait, including several hundred steamers annually, and how thoroughly it is isolated from communication with the outside world, the importance of this new project will be apparent.

Another political crisis is impending in France—the general elections ordered for September 22. The rumor circulated some months ago that they were to be postponed until February next, because of the rampancy of Boulanger, is now dispelled—the postponement, indeed, would have been unconstitutional—and the question will now be tested whether the constitution of 1875, with its numerous amendments, shall continue in force, or whether some revision scheme shall be decided upon. It is difficult to predict with any certainty the role which Boulanger will play for the precise character and validity of the charges made against him are yet unknown,

but, undoubtedly, Boulangerism, which represents the growing discontent with the existing state of things, will make itself strongly felt in some form in the impending struggle.

Fortunately the reading public need not be at a loss as to what Gen. Boulanger is aiming at, and, on the other hand, what interpretation is put upon his programme by his opponents. Two articles have recently been published in the *New Review*, the first prepared by Senator Naquet, a most intimate friend and supporter of the fugitive General, and the other by Camille Pelletan, of the Chamber of Deputies, one of his most determined opponents. According to M. Naquet, the present style of government in France is parliamentary rather than republican, good enough as a temporary expedient, like our own Articles of Confederation, but quite unfitted as a permanent type to the changed sentiments and peculiar temperament of the French people. He would have—that is, Boulanger would have—a president resembling our own, with a cabinet not responsible to the legislative body as at present in France, but forming rather an executive council. In this way the present instability of the governing head of the republic would cease, and with it one leading cause of anarchy. Gen. Boulanger would, of course, accept the position of "chief of the executive power," the constitution having been revised to conform to the above change.

Turning to the second article, we find M. Pelletan discrediting Boulanger himself as personally lacking in the mental and intellectual endowments of a great leader, and as by no means measuring up to the great popular movement which bears his name. His success has been largely due to the skill and persistency with which his friends (particularly M. Dillon) have advertised him and kept him before the public. M. Pelletan finds it impossible to discover "why men have elected M. Boulanger to be the saviour of his country rather than any other of the 10,000,000 of adult Frenchmen." The deep popular discontent with the present regime is conceded, and also that here lies Boulanger's opportunity—he proposes, vaguely, to change it. He attracts all malcontents. True, he is now in eclipse, but the movement which he has inspired is still formidable, and France has never seen more efficient organizers and canvassers than the Boulangerists. On the probable result of the coming struggle M. Pelletan is non-committal.

Switzerland is not popular just now among her neighbors because of the safe asylum afforded within her borders to political refugees. The plucky little republic declines to be dictated to, and the Federal Council replies to the complaint of Germany that the Socialists are allowed too much liberty in Switzerland, that she will not consent to divide with Germany her authority over her residents. So long as the obnoxious persons referred to are charged with no crime, they will be permitted to dwell without restraint or hindrance, the right of asylum. It is refreshing to learn that Switzerland is quite ready to maintain her position by force, and has ordered an appropriation of over \$3,000,000 for the purchase of army rifles.

There seems to be no difficulty in securing either labor or capital for building the projected Congo railroad. English as well as Belgian financiers stand ready to help the enterprise, and it is reported that Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York, is not unwilling to venture \$50,000 in the scheme. The laborers are on the ground, and need not, therefore, be imported. The Kroos of Liberia have already achieved a reputation for endurance at the Panama Canal, and among the numerous tribes in the Congo region the Bangala cannibals of the upper river have shown themselves remarkably tractable and industrious. With money and labor at hand, and the engineering difficulties all provided for, the success of the enterprise seems certain.

GIORDANO BRUNO AND LIBERTY.

(Baccalaureate Address delivered before the graduating class of Boston University in the Book Store Hall, Tuesday, June 4, 1889, by PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN, D. D., LL. D.)

ON Sunday next, the 9th of June, a remarkable festa will be witnessed in the city of Rome. On that day, in the presence of thousands of students representing all the universities of Italy and some of the other universities of Europe, a costly and enduring monument is to be dedicated to the memory of a brilliant Italian philosopher who, in the year 1600, for the crime of heresy, in conformity to the judicial decree of the Holy Inquisition, was burned alive at the stake. The city square in which the monument is to stand is the very one in which the burning occurred, the Piazza del Campo. A few days ago I received a letter from the Central Committee in charge of the arrangements, inviting our own university to unite in the festival and to aid in making it an effective international demonstration in the interests of intellectual freedom. In accordance with the summons which thus rises from the dissonant ashes of Giordano Bruno 289 years after his martyrdom, I invite you to consider for a few moments

The Nature of Personal Liberty

and some of the lessons to be drawn therefrom. In all history freedom has been a word of more or less talismanic power. It has inspired all deathless poets, orators and heroes of the human race. It has been the watchword of every down-trodden people in its uprising against its oppressors. To the lowliest slave its sound has been a precious music, the one priceless possession which could never be wrung from his grasp. The bare dream of freedom has been to millions a more creative force, a self-empowering energy. As sings the English bard:—

"Slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for—spirit, strength,
The sword of danger, and united hearts.
The surest pledge of the good they seek."

But what is liberty? In what consists this coveted treasure?

The moment a man takes liberties with my person, I begin to realize that there are various sorts of liberty. And the moment a self-governing State or a self-governing church in the exercise of its freedom prepares to be burned at the stake, I am quite prepared to ask, "What is normal and legitimate freedom, what its delusive and diabolic counterfeit?" To answer this question is no light task. It is a question, however, of supreme moment to every individual and to every society, and in this age no human being should be considered prepared for citizenship—still less accounted educated and fitted for scholarly influence in the world—who has not approximately cleared ideas respecting the answer. The conspicuous absence of such ideas in many leaders, or would-be

leaders of the modern world, even in the most enlightened communities, is deeply to be deplored. Ignorance at this point is fraught with present evil and conducive to gravest social perils.

In approaching a definition of freedom, many ways are open. Very diverse standpoints offer themselves, and from each we get a different view. For example: If I take an egoistic or first-personal standpoint, I merely study to grasp and define the liberty which I would like to claim as suitable and desirable for myself. This view of liberty is apt to be unwarrantably broad and generous. On the other hand, if I take the second-personal standpoint, and undertake to enlighten you, as my neighbor, as to the just scope and boundaries of your liberty over against mine, I seem to be dealing with a very indefinite, changeable and uncertain thing. Much now depends upon the quality of your personal relation to me and of mine to you. If you are my friend, I am anxious to give you a freedom almost limitless. If you are my enemy, if I have reason to believe that you are disposed to take advantage of me as often as opportunity may offer, how narrow the bounds within which I would vindicate to you a liberty of personal action. I am ever ready to restrict or renounce some of my own liberties for the sake of protection against the liberties I fear from you. Thus all seems fluctuating and unsettled. The freedom suited out to me by my best friend, A., is sure to be very great; by B., who is less friendly, smaller; by C., smaller yet; and so on, no one determining it by any rational standard. Under these circumstances it is evident that in order ever to reach any rationally valid result we must first of all move out of the realm of the mine and thence inquire in some objective and third-personal manner as to the essential nature and laws of freedom in general.

Just here nothing will help us to clearness so quickly as to observe that

Personal Freedom is Inseparably Connected with Personal Rights.

Only in the enjoyment of his rights is any man entitled to liberty. Just in proportion as any man transcends his rights he abuses liberty, and ought, at least to that extent, to be restrained. The same is true of any body of men, any corporation, any hierarchy, any State. Legitimate freedom begins when rights begin and ends when rights end. The recognition of this fundamental fact throws great light upon the power of the passion of the human race for liberty. The nations who through all the centuries have been shouting and contending so lustily for liberty, have not been shouting and contending for mere unhampered desires. Their slogan has been "Liberty," but their deeper, mightier meaning has been "Our Rights! Our Rights! Give us our sacred rights or give us death!" So the long, long struggle for human liberty has been in reality a struggle for the rights of man, a struggle for the rights of man. I like to realize this fact. It gives to my theme a height, a depth, a sanctity befitting the place and hour. It hallows this our American prologue to the day of Bruno's festival. In a most impressive manner it reminds us of the deep ethical unity which ever binds together all lovers of liberty in every land.

As champions of liberty, then, we affirm that Bruno must have his rights—every Bruno—nothing more than his rights indeed, but these in full. The Church, the State, the world of mankind, no one of them is entitled to lay a finger upon Bruno so long as he is simply exercising his personal rights. Without restriction he shall travel and trade, teach and preach, marry or abstain from marriage, employ or take employment. As a unit we contend for his personal liberty. Against every man and every body of men, who in any way would thwart or nullify or circumvent that liberty, we this day stand a solid phalanx.

On the other hand, as champions of liberty, we are equally compelled to say, Bruno's contemporaries must have their rights also—nothing more than their rights, nothing less. If it is Bruno's right to travel from Rome to London, let him have the liberty of so doing; but if Bruno's father confessor has a right to travel also, let him likewise by all means be unmolested in his voyages. If Bruno has a right to print and enforce to the extent of his ability the utterances which seem to him to be true respecting Bruno's core, this is simply fair play. What we grant to the ex-Dominican we cannot deny to the Jesuit; at least, we never can do so long as we admit what all modern jurisprudence and all modern political philosophy and all modern sociology seem so unanimously to build upon, to wit, the doctrine of the equal rights of all men. Once say that in respect to rights all men are equal, and the one inevitable conclusion is that in the right to liberty all men must be pronounced and treated as equals.

At this point I fear I am about to surprise and disconcert a number of my auditors. I have a personal profession to make—a somewhat startling one. It is, that I do not believe and cannot believe in this popular maxim of our modern world—the equality of all men in respect to rights. On the contrary, I profoundly believe in

The Diversity and Inequality of the Rights of Men.

Instead of saying that all men have equal rights, I would rather say that no two men I ever knew have rights identical or equal. If this proposition is true, it is evident that its effect upon our conception of liberty must be far-reaching and profound. Must I stop to adduce evidence for the truth of my contention? I fear it may be necessary, but how strange that it should be necessary! Consider our range or order of rights, and you at once encounter instances and illustrations of man's inequality in respect to rights. Take one of the nearest and most familiar, one relating to the domestic sphere. A., who has barely earning a frugal living, has a moral and legal right to spend his entire income for his own personal welfare; B., who has a dependent family, has no such right. Look further into the civil and political sphere. The citizen of Washington has no such right of representation in the local government which taxes him as has the citizen of Boston, or even the burgher of Berlin. Again, thousands of citizens in the United States have a moral and legal right to draw life-long pensions from the national treasury; other thousands have no such right, or anything equivalent. Again, in England and France thousands of citizens have a moral and legal right to representation in the national government; but in Russia, Turkey and China similar thousands have no corresponding right. The liberals of Italy are so radical in their liberalism that they would have no moral or legal rights beyond those which are considered common to all men?

But before I get further, some one will doubtless explain to me that when our doctrinaires speak of the equal quality of all men they do not mean equality in point of rights possessed, but only in point of rights to which they have a just and valid claim. The real meaning, I shall be told, is that in rights abstractly considered, every man ought to be the equal of every other man, and that in this age of the world no theory of society is to be tolerated which denies this equality. To this I respond that purely abstract rights are no more helpful than purely abstract wrongs are harmful. It is not for abstractions that the groaning nations have been so long contending. If it could be sufficient to claim for all men rights in the abstract, it

would equally suffice to claim for them liberty in the abstract. Theoretical liberties are quite as good as theoretical rights. On the other hand, if you want liberty in the concrete—actual liberty—liberty in the actual case of Giordano Bruno or John Smith, you must start with the concrete rights of the case in question, the actual rights of an individual man. And what I affirm is that the actual concrete rights of no two human beings are the same, and that by logical consequence the specific or individual liberties to be accorded them in actual experience and to be vindicated to them in the forum of the world's real life, can never be identical. I am therefore compelled to add that the right or wrong of Bruno's precise historic treatment is for me by no means settled, when I am told that Bruno was a man, and that Bruno's judges were no more than men. Nay, though some ready accuser of the hierarchy and the Inquisition go on to prove to me that Bruno's persecutors assumed an authority exceeding their just claim and right, I am bound to remember that this philosopher, too, sometimes assumed an authority which must have seemed to his contemporaries quite excessive. For example, when in Marburg, in a disputation with the Rector Magnificus of the University, he took it upon himself to write the nose of his honorable opponent. Again, on arriving in England in the spring of 1583, Bruno announced his coming to the University of Oxford in the following magisterial and grandiloquent address: "Philoteus Jordanus Bruno de Nola, a doctor in perfected theology; a professor of pure and blameless wisdom; a philosopher known, approved, and honorarily acknowledged by the foremost academies of Europe; to none a stranger, save barbarians and the vulgar; a waker of slumbering souls; a breaker of presumptions and stubborn ignorance; who, in all his dealings, professes love to all men, love to the Italian and to the Briton, to man and woman, to the mitre and to the crown, to him wearing a toga and to the warrior, to the frocked and to the unfrocked, but who is inclined chiefly to him whose way is peaceable, enlightened, true and fruitful; who looks not to the anointed head nor to the consecrated brow, nor to the pure and nor to the circumcised, but rather whose man's true countenance is to be found, toward his soul, and the perfection of his spirit; whom dispensers of foolishness and hypocrites abhor; whom upright and sincere men love; whom noble souls receive with acclamation; to the honored and noble vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford and to his fellows, greeting." Had now the magnificent egotist who penned this salutation but chanced to occupy the papal chair, or chanced to be the appointed priest of the Holy Inquisition, who can doubt that here also he would have contended with all his might for whatever he conceived to be his just authority, and that here also, if necessary, he would have died for his convictions.

Where are we, then? I hear you say with some bewilderment, perhaps with some impatience. Are we here to honor martyred Bruno, as we supposed, or are we here to listen to a vindication of the atrocious Inquisition? Instead of cursing this great organized historical enemy of human freedom, you have seemed to be perpetually on the point of justifying, if not of blessing it. Rejecting as fallacious the accepted principle of the equal rights of all men, you have overturned the very foundation of our democratic faith, and as yet you have replaced it by no other. Indeed, if it be true that no two men that live are equal in rights, and as a consequence, no two can claim in practical conduct identical liberties, what possible principle remains by which to regulate the rights and liberties of men? What have you better to propose?

In reply to this appeal, I have simply to say that I am not here either to palliate the undeniable atrocities of the Inquisition or to exaggerate the undeniable virtues of its victims. I can admire, and do profoundly admire, the bold independence of Bruno's spirit, the subtlety and power of his intellectual faculties, the heroic fortitude of his martyr-like death. But in proportion as I admire these signal excellences of an erratic genius, in like proportion must I deplore the personal egotism, caprices, vagaries, flippancies and quarrels which of his sincerest admirers in our day to write: "He was speculative, fanciful, paradoxical, facetious, majestic and boisterous by turns; now soaring among the stars, now groveling on the earth; elevated, impassioned, witty, disputations, violent, sarcastic, impatient at one and the same time. While lofty persecution breathed from his lips, he wrangled them with subtleties and subtleties with subtleties. Blind hero-worship is no better than other blind worship, and so while we unite with all the world in honoring all honorable things in Giordano Bruno, why should we on that account falsify the truth of history and deny his human failings? If, further, you complain that I have robbed you of your bottom principle, and if you demand of me a substitute, I would beg to suggest the following, which, according to my best understanding and belief, is ever unqualifiedly true, to wit: The just rights, and consequently the just liberties, of every man are

Conditioned upon his Personal Worth,

as determined by principles of universal ethical validity. In evidence of this truth, and in further proof of the equal quality of all men, I would ask you to consider that by virtue of its inmost essence a personal right is something ethical, a thing incapable of comprehension and of vital appropriation by anything short of an ethical will. Moreover, because incapable of vital appropriation by anything inferior to the ethical will, its degree of personal appropriation and hence of personal realization is in any and every case proportioned to the moral grade and insight and power and promise of its appropriating subject, and hence conditioned upon his moral elevation or moral worth.

Again, looking at society's treatment of delinquents, every civilized land, we see a significant recognition of the principle I am defending. To show this in full our time will not permit, but so far as society in its penal administration deliberately discriminates between delinquents, granting to some one degree of liberty and to some another, sentencing one to perpetual confinement, another to a limited term of years, another to a few months, granting to one the liberty of the yard, to another the privilege of assisting the prison officers in benevolent efforts for the improvement of the others—just so far as there is an attempt to proportion deprivation of liberty to degree of ill desert. Now while I would be far from saying that the true proportioning is always reached, or that other principles and views may not often have influence in modifying the attempts of society to secure this proportion, it is surely not too much to say that the every-where acknowledged propriety of such discriminations in the administration of restraints upon liberty constitutes a powerful argument for the propriety of discriminating among the well-deserving also, and of proportioning rights and liberties among these according to relative desert.

Finally, the principle which asserts the equal quality of all men is rejected by our moral sense the moment it is squarely challenged. On the other hand, the principle which pronounces the rights and liberties of men proportioned to their personal and social worth, commends itself with intuitive directness and almost irresistible force to every sound and unprejudiced mind. To demand that we shall vindicate identical

rights and liberties to the lazy and to the industrious, to the mendacious and to the truthful, to the besotted and to the temperate, to the sneaky and to the heroic, to the swindler and to the social benefactor, to the poisoner of men and to the healer of men, to the anarchical plotter against society and to the self-sacrificing savior of the State—this is to demand something which no enlightened conscience can ever grant, something which can never be legitimated by reason or any demagogic Jacobin cry—even though it be as classic in freedom's history as that of "liberty, equality, fraternity."

Restraint, then, is for the evil; freedom for the good. This is an ordinance invented by no priest, decreed by no emperor, revocable by no revolutionary convention. It governed the first generations of men, and it will govern the last. No society can ever intrust to the evil and to the good an equal liberty. Still less can this be done by the just Guardian of mankind.

The Supreme Right of a Man is to be a Man.

Would one know the utmost limits of his rights, one must test the utmost limits of his moral possibilities. Under normal social conditions the higher he rises in personal and social worth, the wider and readier will be the recognition of his personal and social rights. With this growing recognition and appreciation will grow his freedom and his sense of freedom. To reach a perfect liberty, but one thing is needed; that only thing is ethical perfection. To a man possessed of living, loving insight into this great truth, how pitiable, how heart-burdening, how almost morally maddening, becomes this selfish cry of the evil and indifferent to be let alone—this anarchistic demand for equality of right in all wrong thinking, and equality of liberty in all wrong doing. Against such diabolic freedom he claims his right to rebel, and if he cannot otherwise give imperishable effect to his rebellion, he claims the personal liberty of sealing his protest with his blood. Such are the souls that exemplify true liberty, such the martyr-spirits who keep alive her holy altar fires.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Graduating Classes: From the height of this great theme, what lessons of duty, what calls to action, are borne to your ears! In a few hours you are to be promoted into permanent membership in a learned society, a university represented in both hemispheres, and already numbering more than two thousand graduate members. In this world new association you will be looked to by the world to exemplify all personal virtues, to harmonize rights and liberty, to minister high and holy guidance to souls less well instructed. You will be looked upon as persons who have been furnished with exceptionally precious opportunities, and who presumably are qualified to help our struggling humanity to larger, freer, nobler life. In storms of popular passion, in epidemic manias of ignorant persecution, in the nights of social disaster, good men will look to you to speak the wise word which shall solve the social problem, and to work the righteous deed which shall lay the social storm. In approaching such high leadership, it behooves you to guard your souls with utmost earnestness and to seek a wisdom higher than your own.

Among the thronging lessons suggested by the course of thought we have pursued, I choose for briefest mention six, namely three.

First, I adjure you, as chosen custodians of true liberty.

Cherish Faith in Every Social Movement Born of Intelligent Ethical Aspiration.

Not every ethical aspiration is intelligent. Many a social movement is the offspring of a blind and ignorant ethical longing. These are the tragedies of human history, national tragedies, social tragedies, tragedies sometimes of continental sweep and vast duration. In them is the fathomless pathos of many a blasted hope and many a fruitless heroism. An intelligent ethical aspiration is one that stands all tests. It is rational in all its implications and in all its inevitable consequences. It is ethical in accordance with principles of universal ethical applicability. How hard to find such in actual manifestation in history! Here is a social movement; born undeniably of ethical aspiration, but capable of crystallizing into any one of a dozen possible forms. In early California history it resolves itself into a "Vigilance Committee," and makes a masterly stand for justice against audacious criminals. In New England it takes the form of a righteous zeal against satanic works of darkness, and manifests itself in witch-executions. In the South it organizes itself into a new Confederate Government, and manfully stands for what it believes to be sacred constitutional rights under the aegis of State sovereignty. In fair Florence it establishes a municipal Christian socialism, and chieftains upon the front of the ancient municipal palazzo the sacred inscription: "Jesus Christ, King of the Florentines, elected by decree of Senate and people." In the Church of the Seven Hills it takes the form of a Holy Court of Inquisition and stands for the suppression of falsehood and error. In every case the question for the world, and prominently for the world's instructed leaders, must be, "Is the ethical aim here embodied, the ethical idea here sought, an intelligently defensible one? Is it rational on every side, east and west, north and south, Godward and manward—valid in universal application?" In none of the cases just mentioned could the aspiration which bore the movement sustain the test. In every case, in theory or in practice, there lurked an unethical element or working whose effect vitiated the whole experiment, and ultimately entailed upon it the ethical disapproval, if not the holy reprobation, of mankind. On the other hand, history teaches us no less more emphatically than this, that social movements, created and borne forward by ethical aspirations of universal validity, proceed from strength to strength, acquiring from year to year a wider recognition of right, a broader concession of liberty. Connect yourself with such, and you will be effective benefactors of mankind.

My second charge is that you

Distrust All Social Ideals and Movements which Ignore Either the Ethical Nature or the Actual Ethical Disparities of Men.

And that, as custodians of true freedom, you repudiate their claims to be promotive of liberty. The man who is pushing any social idea in the realization of which right and wrong shall lose their significance, is already a man for strictest social, and even civil, surveillance. He is plotting a stupendous robbery. That which he is seeking to take away is the choicest treasure, the crown jewel of the human race. Away with the notion that such a man has righteous claims to champion liberty!

In the nature of things it never can.

Night thirty years, often under great difficulties, he was publishing the books in which he sought to influence the mind of Europe. How is it that during all those years he never anticipated so much as one of those burning appeals for the freedom of the press which only forty-four years later John Milton poured into the ears of Christendom? The reason of it all is to be found in the fact that faith in human freedom is now and always a fruit of faith in God. The speculative atheist has no room for freedom. His system cannot admit of it in God or man. And that Bruno had no burning word to speak for liberty, was because his keen and noble genius so lost itself in the darkness and fatalism of a pantheistic philosophy. That philosophy, like consistent atheism, has never given the world a solitary apostle of personal or social liberty. In the nature of things it never can.

In the dim background of my thought stands out the radiant figure of another martyr well remembered; one who, like Bruno, stood alone in well rebellion against a tyrannous hierarchy, and while yet younger in years, sealed his rejected teachings with his blood. I cannot forget that, unlike Bruno, he contended for the freedom of each human soul and for the full emancipation of the human family. Conscious of a divine calling to bring freedom to the world this elder martyr-prophet opened his momentous life-work in the city of His boyhood with the declaration that He was God's anointed, to preach deliverance to the captives and to set at liberty them that were bound. The priestly inquisitors of His day rejected Him, but to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God—sons born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And this is the dearest word in which He sums up the total doctrine of the freedom of the born of God: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

And now unto this divine Emancipator of the only nations known as free, to this historic scourge of all the viper-brood of persecuting Bishops and Pharisees and hypocrites, to this destined breaker of every yoke, this supreme Liberator who was and is and evermore shall be—to Him will we ascribe, as is most due, all blessing, honor, majesty and power in the ages of ages. Amen.

and hence immoral factors in just governments and States—to that extent I grant your claim. There is, however, another side. The movement has leveled down as well as up. In proportion as this shallow and furious clamor for political equality has tended to reduce all citizenship to a form of selfish bargaining—in proportion as it has led the well born to substitute for noblesse oblige such maxims as "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," in proportion as it has helped the strong and rich and wise to content themselves with barren mathematical proportions to those of their so-called equal fellow citizens, however weak, or ignorant, or socially disabled these might be—in that proportion has it been a contribution to human advancement, but a most palpable revelation of political and social decline.

In the true and perfect republic each citizen desires not to equal, but to surpass, his neighbor in devotion to the common cause. Each says to his neighbor, I desire to render you each day a greater good than you can possibly render me; but lest, so doing, I should wound your self-respect and spoil your pleasure, we will play that all are equal, and will consent as equals to take as well as give. And thus it is that under a gracious and beautiful compact these lofty souls deliberately set up a conscious fiction of mutual equality, simply as the fairest practicable means of attempting equitably the actions of their mutual friendliness. All fervent friends are compelled to resort to similar expedients as respects each other, but the equality thus established is one of motive and spirit and agreement, not one of rights or liberties considered as claims susceptible of mutual enforcement. And inasmuch as the nobler spirits in the State are ever in the attitude of reluctantly consenting to restrain their public spirit as respects individuals, within the bounds of a possible universal reciprocity, while on the other hand ignoble and selfish spirits are ever the ones who urgently insist on all of personal advantage that absolute equality of right and liberty can give them, I repeat that in life you will find it wise to be distrustful of all social ideals and movements which ignore man's ethical nature, or even these ethical disparities of men. Only by the firm grasp upon this principle and upon the one already emphasized to your generation to construct a highway of safety through all the sophisms, hallucinations and manias of rampant Socialism on the one hand and rampant Anarchism on the other. Only by planting itself upon these great principles will the twentieth century dispatch the Beastia trionfante which slew Bruno and the Beastia trionfante which is trying to lay God.

The third and final lesson to be gathered from this meditation is that

Faith in Human Freedom is Ever Has Been a Fruit of Faith in God.

Liberty being what it is, how can there be faith in liberty apart from faith in God? When am I free? Am I free when I am simply left alone? Nay, then were freedom inseparable from solitude. Vain, too, forever vain, would be the immortal dream of freedom for the State, the nation, for oppressed humanity. Am I free when I simply do as I please? Nay, then were the unmolested drunkard in his incessantly growing addiction to evil habit becoming daily more and more a free man. Am I free when I discover or create an environment in which I experience no sort of resistance? Nay, then were a lifeless stone falling forever through a vacuum a supreme embodiment, a very paragon of freedom.

"When am I free?" It can only be when He who in perfect freedom, momentarily controls all things that my freedom makes me free. One such controlling will there is, and only one. God is an absolute freedom. And the very moment when, by an act of absolute ethical self-surrender, I succeed in identifying my little will with His, that very moment I become partaker of the freedom which is absolute. Therefore each renewed aspiration, each tropic-nervousness, is as sure of realization as if I were myself a god.

Moreover, having once experienced such a radical emancipation in myself, how can I doubt that such a freedom is for other men? And, having in the sweet unity of Christian fellowship discovered that this "glorious liberty" is the characteristic heritage of all God's children, how can I fail to have a deathless faith in social freedom and in humanity's golden goal?

In Giordano Bruno's writings I have sought in vain for any clear teaching or even clear conception of human liberty, personal or domestic, political or religious. How is it that with such an innate calling to the championship of freedom in thought and speech—with such intense motives to claim for himself and for mankind the right to follow personal belief in spite of danger, fire or sword—he never once appealed to the maxim of the old Justinian edict, "Liberty is an inestimable thing?" Why did he not stir his countrymen with those ringing words of Euripides:—

"This is true liberty, when men freeborn,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will, deserves high praise;
Who neither can nor will may lose his peace;
What can be juster in a state like this?"

Night thirty years, often under great difficulties, he was publishing the books in which he sought to influence the mind of Europe. How is it that during all those years he never anticipated so much as one of those burning appeals for the freedom of the press which only forty-four years later John Milton poured into the ears of Christendom? The reason of it all is to be found in the fact that faith in human freedom is now and always a fruit of faith in God. The speculative atheist has no room for freedom. His system cannot admit of it in God or man. And that Bruno had no burning word to speak for liberty, was because his keen and noble genius so lost itself in the darkness and fatalism of a pantheistic philosophy. That philosophy, like consistent atheism, has never given the world a solitary apostle of personal or social liberty. In the nature of things it never can.

In the dim background of my thought stands out the radiant figure of another martyr well remembered; one who, like Bruno, stood alone in well rebellion against a tyrannous hierarchy, and while yet younger in years, sealed his rejected teachings with his blood. I cannot forget that, unlike Bruno, he contended for the freedom of each human soul and for the full emancipation of the human family. Conscious of a divine calling to bring freedom to the world this elder martyr-prophet opened his momentous life-work in the city of His boyhood with the declaration that He was God's anointed, to preach deliverance to the captives and to set at liberty them that were bound. The priestly inquisitors of His day rejected Him, but to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God—sons born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And this is the dearest word in which He sums up the total doctrine of the freedom of the born of God: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

And now unto this divine Emancipator of the only nations known as free, to this historic scourge of all the viper-brood of persecuting Bishops and Pharisees and hypocrites, to this destined breaker of every yoke, this supreme Liberator who was and is and evermore shall be—to Him will we ascribe, as is most due, all blessing, honor, majesty and power in the ages of ages. Amen.

[8]

NG
DER
Pure
marvel of purity
More economical
cannot be sold in com-
ow test, short weight
Sold only in its own
106 Wall St., N. Y.

AIN.

6 Vols, Sheep,
\$10.00.

Address
Bromfield St.,

BRADY



THE PRESIDENT'S NOTE BOOK.

THIS is our last League issue before the summer vacation. The good old HERALD keeps right on every week whether the weather is warm or cold, but we young people have an outing of two months. We hope you have been pleased with this first volume of the League Edition, and that if you do not send on your subscription for the weekly HERALD, you will certainly at once send 50 cents to the office, so that the League papers will come to you with the first number in the autumn. We all ought to give a vote of thanks to our Wesleyan Association and the editor of the HERALD and his assistants, for the kindness which they have shown us young people this past year. As many as are in favor, say "Aye!" It is a unanimous vote.

Our general secretary and myself, with Rev. D. A. Jordan, of Providence, R. I., came rushing through Johnston, Friday, the 17th of May. We were on the Pennsylvania Limited. And as we looked out of the windows of the swiftly-moving train, we gloried in the beauty of the spring landscape. The hillsides and the valleys were wondrous fair in their many shades of green, gemmed with the blossoming flowers. Everything showed thrift and seeming prosperity. How suddenly the whole scene is changed! "Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep." Now all is chaos and corruption. More awful than this will be the coming of His judgments on those who repent not of their sins. So swiftly may our opportunities of glorifying Christ be cut off. Young men and women as well as the children and the aged were swept to death by the rushing waters. Let us watch our summer hours, so that we may be daily prepared for all the surprises of this mystery we call life. "Be ye also ready."

A few weeks ago the young people's societies connected with the Universalist churches hereabouts met and organized a general society. The Unitarians already have their Unitary Clubs, with a national bureau. We are in line with a movement which will soon be widespread, this having denominational young people's organizations. The age of denominationalism is not past. It never will be. Denominationalism is as essential to true catholicity as variety to harmony. It will exist in heaven.

They are somewhat hindered at New York in the preparations for moving to our new Book Concern building on Fifth Avenue, so that the Epworth Leaflets are not yet printed. They will be ready very soon. You can procure samples by writing to Rev. W. P. Odell, Read the Answer to Question No. 22 for further light on the new movement.

WILLIAM INGRAHAM HAYES.

Remain not folded in thy pleasant joys,
Within the narrow circle of thy waist,
Content if time are blest. Cold is thy fire
On thy heartstone alone; and thy bread
Bitter, which feeds only thy selfish blood;
Thy house a prison, if it hold thy world,
Thy heaven a fiction.

—P. R. Abbe.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE LEAGUE.

Visitation and Flower Missions.

[A paper read at the convention of the Lynn District Y. P. C. U., in Wesley Church, Salem, June 10.]

THE word "opportunity" is suggestive. Increase of opportunity means increase of responsibility, increase of work. We live in such a busy time, there are so many ways in which to work, that it is no wonder some have sighed, when looking over the work, only hinted at in our model constitution, and have said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But the League is young, and to consecrated youth all things are possible. Doubtless the constitution of each League here represented, provides for a department of visitation. If not, a plank to that effect will greatly strengthen your platform.

Taking for granted the existence of such a committee, the question at once opens:

What Shall This Committee Do?

Where, when, how, shall they visit? This committee has, it is to be hoped, been wisely selected, not all from the same social circle. It is pleasant to be associated with one's personal friends, but in this case it is better to choose some older, some younger, some from one "set," some from another. We are too apt to think in our own line. We need to mingle our forces more than we are wont to do. There is a quiet, rather dull-looking girl who belongs to the League. She comes from an obscure street, perhaps, and it is difficult to get acquainted with her; but she is worth cultivating. Put her on this committee. Ask her opinion kindly, not condescendingly. She can help you, for she knows more of the needs of the work of visitation than you perhaps dream of. It is a good plan to get acquainted with the members of one's own League. It is one of our opportunities.

Let the members of this committee be from different parts of the town, that they may more conveniently look up and report places for visitation. But it is not a good plan for each to call exclusively in her own neighborhood. If you have walked a long distance your call may be more highly appreciated than if you just "ran in" from a neighboring house.

The chairman of this committee will, of course, be held responsible for its successful work. It may not be fair, but such is the way of committees. They will shrink unless the chairman uses the good. So call your visiting committee together, and make out lists of places for different ones, according to convenience of location, or some special knowledge of the family, or fitness to deal with certain ones. How shall you know where to call? Probably there is not a family in your congregation that would not be the better for a little genuine Gospel visitation; but of course we understand that our League work is to go first where most needed. Consult your pastor. He knows how many say to him, "The people of the church never call on me." Look over the Sunday School classes. You will find young people from non-church-going families, who stray into our Sunday-schools, but are

seldom found in the other meetings of the church. There are the aged ones to whom the bright face and clear voice of youth are so refreshing. There are the sick, who long for a breath from the outside world. There are the busy mothers, whose ceaseless round of duties leaves them so little time for social life unless brought within their own doors. There are the many wage-earning ones who go out early and come home so tired in the evening. Plan to call on such. Perhaps you can interest them so that the street will have less attraction for them. Possibly you will be led to see that visitation not only means going to other people's homes, but also bringing them into your own home. Oh, the opportunities are abundant! Our League must not let them escape. Do not delay your visiting till some more convenient season. It never comes. Go at once. Do not wait for one another. Nothing is more difficult than for two women to get ready to call together.

"But how shall we do this work?" says one harassed member of this committee. "It is so difficult to make calls of this kind." Yes, if one tries to do it after the manner of the English story books, and expects like results. Even among the poorest classes in America that style of patronage will not succeed. But I do not understand our subject to refer particularly to visitation among the poor; that work is distinctive, and would require treating by itself. You who have read "Ruth Erskine's Crosses," will remember her experience, and have learned that it is not well to take for granted that the people we are appointed to visit are in any way inferior to ourselves. Still, undoubtedly, one who undertakes this work will meet with some trying experiences. Like Dorothy Gay, in "One of Themselves," in *Our Youth*, you may have doors shut in your face and cutting, sneering words flung at you if nothing more. But there is a touchable side to everybody. Try again. The prize is worth a struggle. Do not introduce yourself by saying, "I am on the visiting committee of the Epworth League, and have been appointed to call on you." After such an introduction, would you not expect to be treated as if you were a book agent, to say the least?

Be natural. If you are calling on strangers, more tact may be required. You want to interest them in your work, so be interested in them. Do not be inquisitive, but note the surroundings—the books on the table, the flowers in the window. Let the baby, the cat, or the dog help you to come in touch with the life of the family. Then you can claim their attention, tell them of your church, your Sunday-school, your League. Do not expect to do all this in one call. Several will be needed; not business calls or committee calls, but such visits as love for the Master and the lives He loves would prompt you to make.

While it may not always be wise to distribute tracts in this social visiting, it is a good plan to have some pretty cards for children. They enjoy such things, and if a child is pleased, the rest of the family is apt to be. In this work of visitation flowers are of great value as helps to good fellowship; and just here the two parts of our subject seem to glide together, and we can enter

The Open Door of Another Opportunity

for our League. I am warned by my increasing pile of M. S. that I must resist any temptation to become enthusiastic over the beauty or fragrance or poetry of flowers, and confine myself to their helpfulness in League work. Just now the prodigal hand of summer makes smooth and sweet the path of each "flower committee," and every church and Sunday-school room is bright with gay blossoms. But next winter the work will be more difficult. One League on the Lynn District reports flowers in the church every Sunday of the year. Perhaps the pretty vases owned by that League helped the committee to be faithful. Why would it not be a good plan for the Leagues to cultivate plants? Growing plants are more satisfactory than cut flowers. Cultivate them at home, and if possible have some growing in the church and Sunday-school rooms and League room. For we ought to have League rooms in our churches—rooms full of homeliness, with cheerful fires, and comfortable furnishings, and books and flowers. If we had such church homes, there would be less need of organizations outside of the church. We could keep our young men at home. I know there are few of our churches in which plants would grow. There is too little sunlight, too little fresh air, too much coal gas, too little warmth. But just these things kill human beings. Perhaps we should have better preaching, better living, if our churches were better fitted for plant culture. In many churches it is the custom to send flowers to the sick at the close of the services of the day. Permit a few suggestions: If possible, rearrange the bouquets before sending them away; cut off the soaked stems for a half inch, and take out all withered flowers. Do not send to a sick room any highly-scented flowers such as heliotrope, or tuberoses, or hyacinths. Children prefer bright colors. A little study and thought will reveal beautiful lessons that a handful of flowers can teach better than many words of our own.

I have spoken of the mission of flowers in our churches, rather than of "flower missions," because I think the home work ought to be done, and because I know more about it. But if we can do more, we ought, and the flower mission offers an inviting opportunity for work. By "flower mission" we understand that organized work by which fresh flowers are furnished to hospitals, homes for the aged, reformatories, prisons, almshouses, and all other places where sin, sickness, or poverty have debared the inmates from the joys of life. It is a noble work, naturally most needed in the cities, but country flowers are necessary. The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union has a department of "Flower Missions" through which offerings can be sent to the city hospitals. I am told that the Y. M. C. A. of Boston also has a part in this work. We will hope that when the Epworth League is in full working order, we too shall have a superintendent of this work. After your League has supplied every local institution, and still wishes to enter the regions beyond, you can, by arranging your flowers in damp paper, moss, or cotton, and placing them in boxes, send to the care of these societies in Boston, where your gifts will be gladly received and well distributed. The gift of a flower is a small thing, but its effect is beyond computing. A lady, whose business took her frequently into Boston, al-

ways filled her hand with flowers from her beautiful garden. As she passed through the streets, quietly she gave them away—to some poor, old, homeless woman; to a careless girl wandering perhaps toward ruin; to some weary, discouraged seeker for work. She said she wanted no sweeter reward than the lifted up face and "God bless you" that received her gift.

"Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er hill and dale by day and night;
On every side your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight."

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
In loveliest school."

"Were I, O God, in charnel lands roaming,
Far from the voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines."

SARAH J. BRAGO.

THE DEATHLESS SONG.

A singer sang his little song
From all the world apart;
He cared not for a listening throng,
But sang because his heart
Was full of music as a bird's,
And oftentimes ran o'er
His lips in sweet and simple words
That none had heard before.

A weary traveler passed that way,
And heard the cheeriest strain.
It fell upon him through all the day,
And lingered in his brain.
And sometimes on his way he sang
The song that cheered him long,
The song that cheered him long,
Till far and wide the echoes rang
Across the valleys below.

And others listened to the song,
Caught up its glad refrain,
And scattered as they went along
The birthless of its strain.
Many learned the song of cheer,
And sang it to their own,
Till all the world grew glad to hear
The song before unknown.

Ab, little dreamed the man who sang
This little song that day,
That he was singing to the world
That he proved a deathless lay.
His grave is green upon the hill,
He lived and died unknown,
But all the world is singing still
The song the aged man began.

—ELEANOR R. REXFORD, in *Youth's Companion*.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD.

North Andover.—Rev. Elias Dodge, pastor, is encouraged by the help that the League affords him in the church. Twenty-five young people form a very active company. They held an interesting public meeting, Friday evening, June 14.

Wollaston.—Thirty-four active and 17 associate members constitute the League in this church. The average attendance at the meetings for the last month was forty. Rev. Luther Freeman is pastor.

South Walpole, Mass.—The Look out Department here does good work in calling on the sick. For a League only seven months old, its report is most encouraging.

Woburn, Mass.—The report from this church is very cheering. It mentions fraternal relations with other churches in town that show both zeal and knowledge. Longfellow and Tennyson have been most delightful themes for literary entertainment. "With our motto, 'Look up and lift up,' surely we can, with God's help, go on to great success." So writes Jennie F. Dimars, to which we say a hearty Methodist "Amen."

Taunton, Grace Church.—The secretary writes: "Our meeting has been constantly increasing in enthusiasm and attendance, until we have hardly room to accommodate those who come." Mrs. Walker, the vice president, was recently taken completely by surprise in receiving an elegant willow rocking chair, presented by the League and other friends.

Lawrence, Mass.—There is a membership of fifty in this League, organized Oct. 7, 1888.

Bath, Maine.—Miss Adelle Morse, secretary, sends the following letter. It is especially noticeable in that it shows a new line of work for the Sunday-school committee of the League.

"Our League was organized Oct. 30, 1888. We hold meetings every other week. The literary committee has charge of one, and the other is a religious meeting. The Sunday-school committee has organized a Band of Hope in the Sunday-school, consisting of sixty members, who have signed the triple pledge. Each member has a badge and certificate of membership."

Jayville, Maine.—A programme of unusual interest was enjoyed June 6. Several members brought curiosities of various kinds and gave explanations. This added a new feature to the already attractive meetings of this League.

Parkman St. Church, Rochester.—A most satisfactory report from the secretary, M. G. Buckpitt, is here given. It especially merits attention in that it gives evidence of intense, though most intelligent denominational loyalty and love for the church:—

"We are now up on our third term, and feel considerable satisfaction in results which come, we believe, from our efforts. Since our organization programme of the young people's meetings have been issued, as is the custom in larger churches. Singing books (books of one kind or another) have been purchased for the young people's meetings, and are loaned for the regular Sunday evening meeting, for the class and prayer-meetings of the week. The members of the church have been renewed, and the walls and ceilings newly colored, the funds being advanced for the League by our president. Fifty-five names are now upon our roll of membership, fifty one of whom are in good standing. There is prospect of moderate accessions. Entertainments given at our regular monthly meetings have in all instances been kept within our own means, and the work of our constitution. The work of the visitation committee has been very commendable, and the distribution of flowers to the sick in our neighborhood, together with the pulpit supplied, has become so important a feature of the work that we propose making it a distinct department. Our Banner, prepared and read by two editors, a preacher, and our regular monthly meeting, is an item of interest. Able and interesting essays have been given by members of the denominational committee relative to the history of the M. C. U. Church. The young people's meeting, held at 6.15 on Sunday evening, has increased, and ranges from fifty to sixty. The membership of our church is about ninety. We have the music of the church, and have yet had for our young people; that though every Methodist church were to have some literary and social organization for its young people, there would never be such good results which seems not arise from an organization which is working uniformly."

REV. F. N. UPHAM

The dear G. D. hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we bring and ask of Him,
He loveth without all grants.

—Whittier.

HOW SHE CONQUERED.

GEORGE PAUL, a young civil engineer, while surveying a railway in the Pennsylvania hills, met a plain, lovable little country girl, and married her. After a few weeks he brought her home to his family in New York, and left her there while he returned to camp.

Marian had laid many plans to win the affections of her new kinsfolk. She had practiced diligently at her music; she was sure they would be pleased to hear her stories of her beautiful sister and her brother; she imagined their admiration of her new blue silk gown and winter bonnet.

But the Pauls, and all, were indifferent to her music, her family and her gowns. They gave "George's wife" a friendly welcome, and then each went on his or her way, and paid no more attention to her.

After the first shock of disappointment, Marian summoned her courage.

"If I have nothing to give them, they have much to give me," she thought, cheerfully. She listened eagerly when Isabel sang, and her soul and tears showed how keenly she appreciated the music. She examined Louise's paintings every day with unflagging interest, discussed every effect, and was happy if she could help mix the colors or prepare the canvas. She questioned grandma about her needlework, advised new remedies, or listened unwearied to the account of old ones day after day.

When Uncle John, just returned from Japan, began to describe his adventures, Marian was the only auditor who never grew tired nor interrupted him. After a two hours' lecture, in which her part had been that of a dumb, bright-faced listener, Uncle John declared that George's wife was the most intelligent woman he had ever met.

When George came home, the whole family was loud in her praises. She was a fine musician; she had unerring taste in art; she was charming, witty, and lovable. But George soon saw that she had won them unconsciously; not by displaying her own merits, but by appreciating theirs.

This is a true story in fact, but the truth of its meaning is repeated wherever a woman is found who has the intangible quality called "charm." She may be deformed or pockmarked, but will win friendship and love by the lack of self-consciousness, by her quick sympathy with others.

Many an attractive girl would save herself much anxiety and vain effort at her entrance into the world of society if she understood that it is made up of individuals each of whom desires to find not the beauty, wit, or talent of others, but the cordial recognition of their own.

If you can honestly forget yourself and take an interest in others, you will soon find yourself surrounded by hosts of friends; but if you dishonestly affect this interest, you will deceive no one. Your duldest companion will recognize you as a snob and a toady.—*Youth's Companion*.

EPWORTH.

IT is an easy transition from the marshes of Jar-row, the empty sarcophagi at Durham, and the emptier splendours of York, to the low swells of Epworth; even if we pass over a thousand years in passing over that score or two of miles. It is no small matter to find this hamlet. It is a Nazareth yet, though a century and a half have passed since it became the birthplace of "the greatest ecclesiastical genius since Hilbrand," and a far greater than he, because the Protestant was a restorer, not a destroyer, of the faith. While at York, I felt a natural curiosity to see the spot where sprung the reviver of the true religion, the reanimator of a dying faith, the more than saint Augustin, or any saint in papal or churchman's calendar. Yet, although Epworth is only about twenty-five miles from York, I could find nobody that could tell me how to get to it. At the railroad, hotel, and even Wesleyan Chapel, there was a complete ignorance. The Wesleyan minister was not at home, or I should probably have had less trouble; but the sexton, and several members to whom I applied, were all ignorant of their birthplace. After much searching, I got partly on the track, but by misdirection was left at Gole, fifteen miles from the place, at six o'clock of a Saturday evening, with no means of conveyance but those supplied by nature. It was a beautiful May night, and I was determined to spend the Sunday at Epworth. So I mounted a sort of country express wagon, and started for Crowle, six miles from Epworth, and whither I should have been carried by the cars. The rustic wagon went but a short way in the direction I desired, and left me by the side of a great ditch, along which a walk of eight miles would lead me to the village of Crowle. I took my staff and traveled on, basking the way with the glories of a summer sunset, the calm and curial beauty of a rich though lowly nature, and the thought that possibly Wesley in his early, if not later life, had walked over the same path. Sunlight and twilight had both left the world to darkness and to me, and I touched the desired village. A great fair was coming on Monday, and the preliminary crowds, with their booths and games, and *luna nature*, were already on the ground. So there was no room for me at any of the inns, and I must needs walk four miles farther before I could find a bed. Near midnight a wayside tavern gave me a poor but cleanly welcome, though a room full of neighboring doors made the house hideous over their beer.

The Sabbath sun, bells, and scenery, all made me forget the toilsome midnight walk and the disgusting midnight reveillings, as the blessed sun, and scenes and sounds of the heavenly Sabbath will make us forget the dreary night of sorrow and dreariness of sin, which have weighed and worried our earthly state. The flat country on which we had walked all the previous evening began to rise slightly. The gray tower of the church appeared on one of the most considerable of the knolls, with trees scarcely covering its northern and eastern sides, but thickly shading its southern front. At its foot were the crowded streets of an English town, with their red-tiled roofs blazing in the sun. This was Epworth Church and village, the birthplace and youthplace of John Wesley. It is a small place of half a dozen streets, compact together, and void of beauty, as are all British villages.

The church stands outside of a row of lofty sycamores and elms. Its entrance is through a low, lofty sycamore and elms. The chimneys of the church, rising, and the few homely villages on either side, are the only architectural beauties. Its bare walls and red-tiled roof look as though they had been untouched long before the days when the bright Johnny and Charley, with the other children of the rectory family, used to be led hither by their pious and lovely mother.

I could easily reproduce the scenes of more than a century and a half ago. The stern and stately rectors, the meek but resolute matrons, the crowd of little ones, with the more thoughtful faces of the two ladies, were all before me. A later period in its history and there I am reproduced; when the pale youths, having returned from Oxford in holy orders, opened their mission among their early acquaintance, in the presence of their venerated parents. And a yet later, when one of the same young man was dragged from the pulpit and thrust out of the church by his father's servants and successors.

The rectory, an amiable gentleman so far as appearance went, read the service in a reverent manner, and also the earnest exhortation of the Prayer-Book to the little congregation to remain to the sacrament. He did not preach, and the congregation did not stay. Less than twenty tarried to the communion. The altar was in a small recess back of the body of the church, and there we felt more deeply our affinity with the worshippers of that generation.

Leaving the church by its channel path, and stepping a few feet to your left, you stand beside Samuel Wesley's tomb. It is a plain slab, on a brick base, with a too long inscription, under an old, fine-spreading tree, close to the door of the vestry. The story goes that that was the door out of which John Wesley was put by the authorities of the church, and that he instantly mounted the low slab beside it and proclaimed the Word from that far more sacred pulpit. Some dents in the stone, caused by the presence of iron ore in it, are said by the villagers to be the print of Wesley's feet. Very earnestly and honestly did he make me this declaration. It shows how early legends could become subjects of faith in a more credulous age. If such a story could be believed by any body, as it undoubtedly is in Protestant England to-day, we must be lenient to the credulity of earlier ages and less enlightened climes. I have seen, since, a small white slab, a foot and a half square, on which were most clearly the impress of feet; no mere flaw or dent, but two solidly touching feet. It is the stone, as called, by which Christ stood when He met Peter, a mile out of Rome, who was fleeing from the martyrdom that he saw was coming. It is not strange that such a slab should be worshipped by a multitude of believers. Human nature is much the same every where. There are greater forces than these in America, as mesmerists and manipulators can testify. It

does not need a footstep or a flaw to make their converts.

The view from this hill is the best which the town affords. Low knolls rise around you. Windmills skirt the horizon. The pastures are free from the offensive high walls which mar the beauty of English landscapes. The aristocratic, abutting land-owner is not found here. As in France and America, the people own the soil they cultivate; and they need no monstrous prison walls between their tiny lots. The northern and western horizon glides itself up into low hills, but the east and south glides down into ocean meadows. The town is really on what was an island, and was not unfrequently isolated by the tides, so near is it to the German Ocean. The island, which is called Axholme, has of late years been joined to the mainland, but it still has all the characteristics of such situations.

We pass down the deep-shaded avenue, and find our way to the Wesleyan Chapel. Two rival Methodist bodies flourish here—the Wesleyans and the Kilhamites. The last are the New Connection Methodists, I believe. Their founder was a native of Epworth, and revolved early from his allegiance to his townsmen, and established an independent body that is quite flourishing. Their chapel here is much handsomer than that of the Wesleyans. The latter are a worthy body of disciples; some of them are of the leading classes, and all that I met are godly and affectionate Christians.

In the heart of the village are the pleasant grounds of the rectory. Like all such grounds of delight in England, they are shut from all eyes by very high, blank walls. I wished to look on the spot where Wesley was born, and the house where he spent his early years; so I lifted the latch of the gate, and entered uninvited and unwelcome. The house is a plain brick edifice, standing a few rods from the street. Before it spreads a level lawn, more than a hundred feet square, with a walk around it shaded with venerable trees and shrubbery and flowers. A vegetable garden on the north and pasture on the east, complete the rural picture. The house was the same that Samuel Wesley built after the one was destroyed by fire from which John was saved. His living was evidently valuable, and the family exclusive and superior to their rustic neighbors. The present rectory is the son of a lord, and the present value of the living is about £1,100, or over \$5,000; it was correspondingly valuable in the days of Wesley. So the Methodist pioneer was, in the English sense of the word, a gentleman; and his life, in view of the intense pride and exclusiveness of caste, was the more remarkable and honorable. The ghosts that troubled the Wesley family were long since laid. The comfortable mansion looks as though it was above such intrusions. It is not stately nor spacious, though sufficiently ample and convenient. A single parlor, with an entry by the side of it, a like room behind it, wings in the rear, all of fair width and height—such is the house where John Wesley received his first and chief education. There the child gambled, the boy studied, the youth meditated, the man struggled and triumphed, and went forth a chosen vessel to bear truth and grace to unnumbered myriads and generations.

A memorial church should be erected to his memory here. No son of England deserves it more. The society need it, and would aid in the enterprise. A window to the memory of the rector and his wife should be in the church—a costly Gothic temple should bear his name. I trust the enterprise will be inaugurated by his disciples in England. I will meet with a hearty response in America.—GILBERT HAYES, in *the "Prig's" Waller*.

[The above was written in 1861. Since then a beautiful memorial church has been erected by the Wesleyans, which will be dedicated next September.]

This leaf? this stone? it is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart;
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art;
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet,
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

—Thomas Hill.

OUR CHURCH ECONOMY.

The Support of the Ministry.

IN order to rightly understand this subject, it must be remembered that the theory underlying it all is twofold; first, that if the ministry give themselves to the work, it is not from hope of gain or financial compensation; and, secondly, that because of the unity of the church, to which we have referred, it is the duty of the entire church to provide for the support of its entire ministry. Practically a member in any given charge is called upon to help pay the preacher in that charge, and also to help make up the piling elder's appointment and to give his stipend towards the support of the bishops. He does not understand these matters, and he pays "grudgingly and of necessity," and calls it giving, when it is hardly paying what he owes. At the fourth quarterly conference held in each charge, a committee is appointed called an estimating committee. This committee are to consult with the preacher, and are to determine what amount is necessary for the support of the preacher and his family in a suitable and proper manner. They are not to try and see what are the best terms they can make with the preacher, nor are they to decide how much the society can pay; they are to inquire how much is need to support the preacher and his family for the year; they are to report that to the first quarterly conference of the next year, and if accepted by the conference, the society is in duty bound to raise that amount of money, or come as near to it as they can.

We have seen that one of the stewards in each charge is elected a district steward. These district stewards meet at the call of the presiding elder, and they are to inquire what amount is necessary for the support of the presiding elder and his family in a proper manner; and that amount being determined by them, and apportioned among the charges of the district, these charges are bound to raise the amount of their apportionment, or come as near to it as they can.

There is a committee called the Book Committee, appointed by each General Conference to have charge of the publishing interests of the church. This committee are required to make an estimate of the amount needed to furnish a competent support to each bishop, whether general or missionary, and his family, and also the amount necessary to the support of the widow and children of any deceased bishop, and the amounts so ascertained are apportioned among the separate charges, and each charge is bound to raise its apportionment for this object, or to come as near to it as it can. Each society or charge then is to support its own preacher, and to help support the presiding elder of its district, and all the bishops, and the one part is as binding as the other, and no charge has the right to pay its preacher the full amount of his estimate unless the other apportionments are paid in full. This is clearly prescribed in the Discipline, much more clearly perhaps than it is understood by the members of our churches and congregations.

It is not contemplated that our preachers are to "hoop to themselves riches," but that they are to have their support, and when they

shall have entered the ranks of the superannuated, they are still entitled to suitable support from the church at large. The same is true of the widow and children of a deceased preacher, and our last General Conference took a long step in advance in creating the Board of Conference claimants to look after and provide for these cases. This board is elected by the General Conference, and receives the collections from all the charges for the Conference claimants, together with the sums from the Book Concern, which are devoted to that object, and divides the funds so received among the several Conferences in proportion to the number and needs of the claimants in them. Many Annual Conferences have their preachers' all societies, which operate within the bounds of their own Conferences, but this organization recognizes the unity of the church, and the duty of the entire church to support its entire ministry.

It remains for us to notice briefly the

Other Benevolent Organizations of the church. And here again the unity of the church appears in that, being one church, its benevolent work is best done by a general organization in each department. First among these are the Missionary Societies, including the General Society, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Woman's Home Missionary Society, whose work under the enthusiastic leadership of the secretaries is reaching around the world with an ever-widening grasp.

The Board of Church Extension is organized for the purpose of assisting in the erection of new churches, by the means of loans and gifts, and of whose work was sung a few years ago,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
We're building two a day."

The Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational Society has for its object the establishment and maintenance of institutions of learning in the Southern States for both the freed men and the white people.

The Sunday School Union and Tract Society superintends the Sunday-school work of the church and the printing and distribution of tracts.

The Board of Education is organized for the purpose of assisting young people to obtain an education by loaning them money from the funds which the board has under its control. The collections taken on Children's Day are devoted principally to this board.

We have thus, in a brief way, endeavored to describe the principal points of our government. The denomination is large, its interests are great, and can only be managed by large means and by the most complete organization possible. One or two elements of strength may be referred to in closing these papers.

"In union there is strength," and the unity of the church to which we referred in the first paper, and which we have endeavored to keep before the mind, makes the work of each church and of each member of great power; we cannot emphasize this thought too much. Again, the probationary system is an element of strength. The member is not admitted as such to the church, or into the ranks of the traveling ministry, until he shall have served his probation in the one case six months, and in the other case two years. The effect of this is, of course, to make it all the more certain that those who pass these periods, and have "run well," will be strong to endure the end.

Another element of strength is to be found in the division of labor. We have observed that there are many officers, but each officer has a work to do, and there is no provision for any other officer to do the work of one who may neglect his own. Having then, the work systematically divided, each one's work is important, and if faithfully performed, the work of the denomination goes grandly forward.

And, lastly, the system of supervision which exists throughout the organization is a great element of strength. To a casual observer there seems to be a multiplicity of boards and conferences, of orders and offices, and yet so far as business matters are concerned, it will be seen that each act that is done officially by an officer or a board is subject to the supervision of some higher officer or board. The stewards and trustees are answerable to the quarterly conference, the class-leader to his pastor, the superintendent to the Sunday-school Board, the pastor to his presiding elder, both of them to the bishops, and the bishops to the General Conference, and in the matter of church trials, or trials of ministers, the right of appeal is carefully preserved. And not only is the watchfulness to be found in the official life of the church, but the individual member is subject to the watchful care of the pastor and class-leader, whose duty they have seen was to inquire as often as once a week after the spiritual welfare of their members. But while we may look upon the

Our Book Table.

RELIGION. By William Mackintosh. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

We cannot understand, and perhaps the fact is not our own, the value of a book as a mere commodity. The author seems to be a man of wide reading and observation. The painful and wearying of books is one of the most obvious truths of the senses. But in the most obvious truth of the senses, we are factually relegated to one side, in the order that we may stand untrammelled in the present and look forward into the future. Surely this is a philosophy rather than philosophy, and leads only to bare negation and doubt. For example, after quoting Emerson with approval, the author says: "It is such a statement of religion that the time needs; and I can hardly believe that personal conceptions of God or immortality will make a necessary part of it—which is far from saying that men should be forbidden to entertain them." Is this the kind of "perhaps" about the very fundamental truths that ethical religion teaches? Is this the test it can offer? Is this in fact a substitute for the teachings of Him who spoke as never man spoke? An impersonal God, who is no God at all, and immortality not even a guess? Who wants such a religion, even if it is ethical? And who will believe that it answers better the problems of life? Very, very few, we imagine.

CHRISTIAN JOURNALISM, AND OTHER SERMONS. By John R. Tappan. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, \$1.00.

These sermons are excellent models of practical sermons, which were evidently delivered before the preacher's consciousness of his audience, as it is and should be in the age of paper competition. His conception of religion is lofty, sensible, practical, and therefore Christian. Preachers should read this volume to learn how to preach to reach people, and young men on the threshold of life should read it to guide their steps towards the Saviour.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES. By Amelia E. Barr. Price, \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.

Mrs. Barr's stories are always pleasing and uplifting, with innumerable delicate touches of pathos and feeling. Perhaps this is not one of the best or most interesting of her novels, but it contains the reader's attention to the end. It is a vivid portrayal of Lancashire manufacturing life, and the central figure of the story, Jonathan Barley, is faithfully delineated. The book was first issued by the Harpers about three years ago.

A DANCE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Cicely's Choice. By Mary Harriott. Price, \$1.00. Phillips & Hunt: New York.

This is a timely book for the young people of our generation. The author has succeeded admirably in her attempt to reproduce an accurate picture of life in England in the latter half of the eighteenth century—the English life in the upper classes—their social life, their manners, and their social usages at that period; the facts connected with the rise of Methodism, especially the lives and characters of the Wesley's, so fully and so religiously; and the introduction of contemporary historical characters. The book evinces great painstaking on the part of Mrs. Norris, who has consulted many authorities and woven together a very interesting story of girl-life in those early days of Methodism.

MESSAGES FOR THE KING'S DAUGHTERS; OR, THE MANNERS OF THE COURT. By Annie Barling. Price, 35 cents. Anson D. F. Kimball & Co.: New York.

In pure white covers, with purple lettering, the publishers issue this dainty brochure for the King's Daughters—containing many words of the King for his daughters, messages of instruction pertaining to "Paying Allegiance," "Our Work," "Our Friends," "Our Behavior," "Our Dress," "Where We Can Go," "The Use of Our Goods," etc.

THE LOST CHILDS. By Elizabeth Chas. Price, \$1.25. National Temperance Society and Publication House: 58 Reade St., New York.

This readable book, the author's efforts, is a record of events that actually occurred. The story is laid in London, and the interest of the story hinges on a most curious circumstance—the story of the old little inexplicable happenings that so often change the current of a life. It is a good book for the Sunday-school library, impressively teaching a practical temperance lesson, and holding up good, true and noble characters and condemning the false and depraved.

TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS. By Mrs. M. C. Williams. New York: M. C. Williams. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

All flower lovers should at once procure this interesting and useful manual on floriculture, from the pen of our valued correspondent, Mrs. M. C. Williams, whose contributions on floral matters have been extensively published in various papers and periodicals. Mrs. Williams writes her books *en amore*, giving her readers the benefit of her long experience, and in an attractive way the history and literature of flowers with description and mode of culture. Amateurs will especially find this valuable hand-book.

VAGABOND TALKS. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.25.

These talks, which have been wandering in vagabond fashion in different periodicals, are now collected together under the above title. They are, as is to be expected from the name of the author, freely wrought and interesting stories.

"CRACKED JOHN." A most pathetic sketch, with a sad ending. "The Child of the Ages" is one which indicates the understanding of opinion that is very prevalent not only in Norway, but almost the whole world over. All the tales will bear reading more than once.

THE CENTURY. From November, 1888, to April, 1889. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$4.

Regularly bound and filled with only such matter as is this monthly provides, this six-month volume ought to be widely in demand.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS. There is no abler or more discriminating publication than the *Andover Review*. There is none which the wide-awake minister can so well afford to be without; and whoever, minister or layman, is long conversant with the paper, as is to be expected from the name of the author, freely wrought and interesting stories.

"CRACKED JOHN." A most pathetic sketch, with a sad ending. "The Child of the Ages" is one which indicates the understanding of opinion that is very prevalent not only in Norway, but almost the whole world over. All the tales will bear reading more than once.

THE CENTURY. From November, 1888, to April, 1889. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$4.

Regularly bound and filled with only such matter as is this monthly provides, this six-month volume ought to be widely in demand.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS. There is no abler or more discriminating publication than the *Andover Review*. There is none which the wide-awake minister can so well afford to be without; and whoever, minister or layman, is long conversant with the paper, as is to be expected from the name of the author, freely wrought and interesting stories.

"CRACKED JOHN." A most pathetic sketch, with a sad ending. "The Child of the Ages" is one which indicates the understanding of opinion that is very prevalent not only in Norway, but almost the whole world over. All the tales will bear reading more than once.

THE CENTURY. From November, 1888, to April, 1889. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$4.

Regularly bound and filled with only such matter as is this monthly provides, this six-month volume ought to be widely in demand.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS. There is no abler or more discriminating publication than the *Andover Review*. There is none which the wide-awake minister can so well afford to be without; and whoever, minister or layman, is long conversant with the paper, as is to be expected from the name of the author, freely wrought and interesting stories.

"CRACKED JOHN." A most pathetic sketch, with a sad ending. "The Child of the Ages" is one which indicates the understanding of opinion that is very prevalent not only in Norway, but almost the whole world over. All the tales will bear reading more than once.

THE CENTURY. From November, 1888, to April, 1889. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$4.

Regularly bound and filled with only such matter as is this monthly provides, this six-month volume ought to be widely in demand.

from England," are full of valuable and interesting matter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Our Day for June has much that is more than simply readable. Rev. J. E. Rankin gives the first part of an old entitled, "Broken Cadences." In a succinct and clear paper Rev. John Burton tells "The Present Purpose of Pulpit Preaching." Hon. C. M. Depew's eloquent oration delivered in New York on April 30, entitled "A Century of Constitutional Government," is given entire. Then follows a "Boston Hymn," and another of Mr. Cook's Monday Lectures. Dr. Parker continues his series, "Robert Emerson's Successor." The "Editorial Notes" are unusually timely and spicy. Boston: Our Day Publishing Company.

Of practical use is the *Photographic Times*, because it furnishes so much that the photographer who wishes to become expert in his art desires to know. We call the titles of a few papers from the May number in order to show that what we say is true: "The Distinguishing Features of the Art of Photography," "The Ethnographic Side of Photography," "American Pictorial Art," "Dry Plates for Outdoor Photography," and "Pictorialism," which speaks appreciatively of the use of photographs illustrating well known poems, as has already been done in the case of "Evangeline." New York: The Photographic Times Publishing Association.

The Contemporary Review for June (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) opens with a highly interesting and important paper by Archbishop Walsh entitled, "Arbitration, or the Battering-Ram," in which he relates some of the leading incidents that have marked the course of his efforts in the cause of peace. Sir Morell Macdonald contributes the first of two papers on "Speech and Song," which, in view of the author's connection with the late Emperor Frederick, promise to possess exceptional interest. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contributes an article on "Madame France and Her General," in which he treats of the rise, progress and possible future of Boulangism. Frederick Greenwood traces the decline of English influence in continental politics in a paper entitled "The Mysteries of Our Foreign Relations." Vernon Lee presents some irrelevant talks on the use of the beautiful, in a readable paper entitled "Orpheus in Rome." Edwin Hatch argues that the tendency of the present age has been to transfer the basis of theology from metaphysics to history. E. J. Goodman describes that well-known English institution, the Savage Club, and tells some interesting stories in connection with it. The number concludes with two papers on the "Volunteers," by C. B. Brackenbury and Lord Mayor Whitehead.

The Nineteenth Century for June (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) opens with an appeal "Against Woman Suffrage," signed by a number of representative English women, including such names as Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Knox Little, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Huxley, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mrs. Matthew Arnold, and Mrs. Max Muller. Prof. Edward Dicey presents a short but strong article on the "Rights of Political Living." In an article on "A Bird's Eye View of India," Lady Grant Duff argues that India is a continent, not a people, and that its real characteristics are practically unknown in England. Lady Verney writes on "Six Generations of Castles." Prince Kropotkin on the "Great French Revolution," and Mr. Priestly on the "Mysteries of Malaria," and Edward Clifford contributes an interesting article on the "Hawaiians and Father Damien." Samuel Milford presents some interesting facts on "Marine Insurance." Rev. H. P. Dunster argues for an extension of the postal service, in a paper entitled "An Agricultural Parcel Post." F. N. Boxton contributes a readable article on "Sardis and its Wild Sheep." Lord Ervington describes a "Bye-Election in 1747." The number concludes with a long essay by Prof. Huxley on "Agnosticism and Christianity."

The *July Magazine of Art* opens with an etching, by M. Daniel Mordant, of Rembrandt's famous painting, "A Family Portrait," which is among the treasures of the Brunschwiler Gallery. George Frederick Watts, R. A., gives to students "More Thoughts on Our Art of Today." In the paper by the editor on Current Art a fine reproduction of John S. Sargent's portrait of George Henschel, the baritone, is provided. A careful study of Savonarola, illustrated by the well-known Fra Bartolommeo portrait, is given by F. G. Stevens. The usual articles are abundant and interesting. Cassell & Co., Limited: 104 and 116 Fourth Ave., New York.

In the *June New Englander and Yale Review* the first paper is entitled, "A Modern Saint," written by Rev. Joseph H. Twissell, and is commemorative of the life and death of the Hon. Hon. John F. Falconer. H. D. B. Chamberlain writes most appreciatively of "Jury's American Commonwealth." Prof. Samuel Harris contributes a favorable review of "The Nature and Means of Revelation," and W. L. Kingsley has a paper "In Memoriam: Rev. David Trumbull, D. D." Other matter in this number is most readable. New Haven: Wm. L. Kingsley.

The *Old Testament Student* (June) has a great deal of great value to the student and minister. Prof. E. H. Johnson, D. D., portrays "The Formal Element in Poetry." Rev. Geo. W. King answers the important question: "How Far does the Claim of a Divine Origin for the Bible Depend upon the Genuineness of its Separate Books?" John S. Zelle writes about "The Figurative Element in the Book of Job." L. W. Bateman strongly presents "A Plea for Sacred Study." Rev. P. A. Norrell, D. D., continues his "Old Testament Word Studies." Prof. Thomas Hill Rich gives a free rendering of "The Song of Deborah, Judges V," and an interpretation of it. Then follows valuable material in "Old Testament Notes and Notices," "Synopsis of Important Articles," "Book Notices," etc. C. Vinton Patterson Publishing Company: 28 Cooper Union, New York.

Obituaries. [Obituaries are hereafter to be restricted to the space of 300 words: in the case of preachers to 400 words. Notices that exceed this limit will be returned to their writers for revision.]

Frye.—Died, at Rochester, N. H., April 29, 1889, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Edmund Frye, aged 69 years, 3 months.

Death came to her very suddenly. She had been in her usual good health during the day, but her hours were made several calls in the afternoon. Her husband not feeling well in the evening, she went out about 9 o'clock to the office of the family physician for medicine for him, and was returning home when taken ill near the residence of one of her near neighbors; and being assisted into the house, she expired in a moment after reclining upon a lounge.

She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years, and was an exemplary, faithful Christian, and among her neighbors she was known as a most estimable lady. She had been married forty-seven years, and is most deeply mourned by her devoted husband and two sons who survive. She ceased at once to work and live. "Our people die well." D. E. MILLER.

Wauchope.—Died, in Starks, Me., April 16, 1889, James G. Wauchope, aged 78 years and 7 months.

Brother Wauchope was a man of stirring energy, substantial character, and good ability. His early life was spent in poverty, having lost his father by sudden death, the wants of a large family were thrown upon him and two older brothers. Consequently he left home and worked at blacksmithing in the town of Waterville, at six dollars per month. On account of his poverty, his employer soon placed him in charge of the shop. He grew in the confidence of his employer and that of his fellow-citizens until he was called by them to fill important offices in town, county and State. He filled every important office in his native town. He was judge of probate eight years, county clerk for three years; was custom house officer eight years. He was respected by all who knew him; it was only to know him, to love him. When about forty years of age he gave his heart to God, and joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained a member until the time of his death. His funeral was attended by a large circle of friends. The church has met with a great loss; the town loses a good citizen, the neighborhood a noble and true man, and the family a loving father. He leaves a wife and five children—two sons and three daughters—to mourn their loss. Through grace, may they all have an eternal reward above! J. B. M.

Lewis.—Mrs. Zilla Lewis, wife of Fred Lewis, died at her home in Marlow, N. H., April 23, 1889.

She early gave her heart to Christ and united with the M. E. Church, of which she became a consistent and useful member. Without any other compensation than the joy of serving Christ and His church, she gave her valuable services as organist, and was very generally known and loved throughout the country, a large portion of whose people were present to mingle their tears with those of the bereaved family at the funeral services, which were held in the church where she had so often worshipped and led the service of prayer. She leaves a husband and infant child, and a deeply afflicted mother, who has just suffered a double bereavement in the removal of both husband and daughter within a few days of each other.

Her sickness was brief, but severe. When she was told that she could not live, she immediately became reconciled, and calmly made all her arrangements, talked with her friends, left a message for each, bade them an affectionate good-bye, and then passed sweetly and triumphantly to her immortal home; the beautiful light of that wonderful shore breaking on her vision and lighting up her countenance with a heavenly smile which lingered there long after her spirit had fled. The afflicted family have the sympathy and prayers of the church and community. N. FISK.

Crorell.—After a painful and lingering sickness, Mrs. Lavina Crorell died in Dighton, Mass., March 27, 1889, aged 78 years and 10 months.

During life and death her faith in Christ sustained her, and made her more than a conqueror. On July 16, 1845, she was married to Hiram S. Crorell. She was converted in Warren, R. I., while the late Rev. James D. Butler was pastor there. At first her association was with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but when the Boston Street Church was projected, she was one of the first to join the new enterprise, and to the day of her death she remained one of the faithful members of that church of this town-honored church. A patient, sweet, cheerful Christian woman and mother, always ready for every good word and work, the memory of her is like a "rainbow poured forth." Her face of rare sweetness, intelligence and cheerfulness, was a true index of the peace and joy which dwelt in her heart. Her husband, Stephen D. Pool, preceded her to glory thirteen years ago. They had six children, of whom four still live—two sons, a maiden daughter at home, and Mrs. Alice M. L. Choate, who tenderly and for mother to the very borders of the stream. Most truly do "her children draw rise up and call her blessed," and the church, while deeply mourning its loss, feels enriched by such a character as hers, whether on earth or in heaven. L. W. STAPLES.

Hatch.—Mrs. Roxanna Hatch, wife of Elisha Hatch, died at North Pembroke, Me., March 23, 1889, aged 77 years and 7 months.

She was for many years a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town, and was numbered with the people of God, and to live the life of a Christian. By a holy life and conversation she has given evidence to all who knew her of the faithful accomplishment of the purpose of her life. Her husband, Elisha Hatch, preceded her to glory thirteen years ago. They had six children, of whom four still live—two sons, a maiden daughter at home, and Mrs. Alice M. L. Choate, who tenderly and for mother to the very borders of the stream. Most truly do "her children draw rise up and call her blessed," and the church, while deeply mourning its loss, feels enriched by such a character as hers, whether on earth or in heaven. L. W. STAPLES.

Ingalls.—Brother Lemuel Ingalls was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1819, and died in East Templeton, Mass., Nov. 10, 1889.

He was converted when about twenty-one years of age, and united with the Congregational Church. He was known as a most estimable lady. She had been married forty-seven years, and is most deeply mourned by her devoted husband and two sons who survive. She ceased at once to work and live. "Our people die well." D. E. MILLER.

Hoyt.—Sarah Augusta Phelps Hoyt was born Oct. 28, 1824, in Danvers, Mass., and died Jan. 3, 1889, in Hopkinton, N. H. She was married Jan. 1, 1879, to Mr. Walter F. Hoyt, of Hopkinton. Three children, with their strictest mother, are left in their deep but not hopeless grief.

Sister Hoyt became a Christian in her thirteenth year, to the delight of her pious parents, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Danvers, N. H., of which church she was a member at the time of her death. In her girlhood she stood up for the Master with clear testimony, and with a sweetness of voice which charmed the unconvinced while it strengthened the faith and cheered the hearts of the fellow-Christians. The tender declaration of the Christian is the home, and here the beauty and truth and power of her life were revealed to

that her little daughter and her husband were attracted by the Saviour.

In her latest hours Jesus was present and precious, and her victory was complete. At the last, with those who loved best on earth about her bedside, she sang sweetly, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and "There are angels hovering around," and then sank quietly to rest. H.

Swett.—Mrs. Mary H. Swett, widow of Nathan H. Swett, died at Milltown, Calais, Me., May 7, 1889, aged 78 years.

Her home during her last years was with her daughter, wife of Rev. G. G. Winslow, of the East Maine Conference. For a long time Sister Swett was an invalid, and during the last months of her life, quite helpless; but the constant attention and faithful care of Sister Winslow made her years and years a life as well as comfortable. She had lived a Christian life, and died trusting in Jesus. Her last words were: "I am going; farewell—farewell." She was buried at South Orrington, Rev. W. T. Jewell officiating at the service, as assisted by Rev. B. S. Ayrey.

She leaves two daughters—Mrs. Winslow, and Mrs. J. H. Sherman, of Washington, D. C.—and one son, Capt. N. Swett, of South Orrington. B. S. AYRE.

Whittier.—Obadiah Whittier died in Vienna, Me., Dec. 11, 1888, aged 70 years.

Brother Whittier belonged to a family that was historic in Methodism. His mother, Ruth Whittier, was converted under the preaching of Joseph Lee in 1794. His father was converted about the same time. They both joined the first class in Vienna, the nucleus of the church in that town. Brother Whittier continued the Christian life in a young man, and united with the M. E. Church, of which he continued a leading and active member until laid aside by sickness. A man of intelligence, sound judgment and insight, his counsel was sought and given in all the interior of the church. He well knew the value of our Methodist literature, and for many years was a subscriber to *ZION'S HERALD*.

During the last four years of his life he was confined to his bed by a painful illness. During the last half of his life he was afflicted with rheumatism, and he was often very much afflicted, sometimes triumphantly and rejoicing. A. C. THAYER.

Dudman.—On Friday, Nov. 23, 1888, William Henry Dudman, on his way to the church service, meeting, of which he was a constant attendant, stepped into the back for a few minutes on an item of business, and while sitting in his chair talking about the matter, simply stopped speaking, leaned his head back naturally against the wall, and ceased to breathe. Subsequent examination revealed ossification of the heart as the cause of his sudden death.

He was born at Ayer, Mass., Nov. 11, 1824. In 1845 he was married and came to Waterville, Me., where he has since resided, and was the exception of two years at Augusta, Me., where he was in the lumber business and an associate in Y. M. C. A. work with James G. Blaine; and two years in Ohio City, Pa., where he was engaged as a pioneer in the oil business. He was soundly converted to Christ and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, Nov. 3, 1850.

Brother Dudman was something of a model—1. As a citizen. He took a broad and healthy interest in politics, the temporal prosperity and the social and moral welfare of the town and country. 2. As the head of a home, he was a husband and father. Assisted by his wife, Mrs. Charlotte M., two noble Christian sons and an able Christian daughter have been given to the world and the church; 3. As a member and officer in the church, his untiring energy, courage and kindness were his characteristics. He always had a preference, was frank to express it, and ready to surrender it for the good of the whole. He invariably had a smile and kind word for all, and was a constant friend and helper to his people. He made his home wherever he went, and was the happiest and most Christian man of the community. His death for such a man was a model—without a dash or a struggle he left us. He was not, for God took him. W. G. RICHMOND.

Mitchell.—John Mitchell was born in Durham, Me., Jan. 19, 1798, and died in Strong, March 26, 1889, aged 91 years, 2 months and 7 days.

He was a member of the M. E. Church, and was a consistent and devoted member. He was a class-leader for nearly the whole period of his residence in Ayer.

September 25, 1823, Brother Mitchell married a Lydia Spaulding, a native of Fairfield, Me., who survives him at the age of 90. Nine children were the fruit of this marriage, five of whom, with 26 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren, swell the number of his surviving kindred.

Brother Mitchell was an active, industrious man, an upright, peace-loving citizen, a kind husband, father, and neighbor. He took an active interest in public events. He was voted for Mayor, first governor, and twice for Congress. He knew the value of Maine Methodism. He loved to talk about the early days. He loved life and activity. It was a severe trial to him to be obliged to cease from his labor. Above all, he loved the cause of Christ and the welfare of his people. During the last year of his life he was frequently in his place on the Lord's day, and occasionally attended school worship. Only three weeks before his death he attended church for the last time. A good man in ripe age, beloved by all, an overcomer of evil with good, has been given to the Father. W. H. H. McALLISTER.

Wanted.—An important element of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven, as no one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

Both Ends. It is difficult to make both ends meet when doctors' bills must be paid. Why not use Hood's Sarsaparilla, and cure your blood, by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and curing all coughs and colds with Atkinson's Botanic Cough Balm.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA. PREPARED BY J. C. HOOD & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

SUMMER HOMES BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

The sounding C on one of Dison Company's famous GUITARS, BANJOS, MANDOLINS is always in unison with the restful pleasure of summer days in summer pleasant places. Don't go to a music house! Take with you one of our light, portable musical instruments!

Seasonable and most enjoyable music books are: **COLLEGE SONGS** (50 cts.) 150,000 sold. **COLLEGE SONGS FOR BANJO**, (\$1.00) Guitar (\$1.00).

GOOD OLD SONGS WE USED TO SING, (10 cts.) **PRaise in Song**, (40 cts.) New Gospel Songs. **TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONGS**, (10 cts.)

SING HARMONY, (10 cts.) Five part songs. **POPULAR SONG COLLECTION**, (\$1.37) 37 songs. **SONG CLASSICS**, (\$1.00) 10 high-class songs. **SONG CLASSIC**, ALTO VOICE, (\$1.47) 47 songs.

CLASSIC TENOR SONGS, (1.00) 36 songs. **CLASSIC BARITONE OR BASS SONGS**, (1.00) 35 songs. **CHOICE VOCAL DUETS**, (1.00) The newest popular dance music collection. **POPULAR PIANO COLLECTION**, (\$1.27) 27 pieces.

CLASSICAL PIANIST, (\$1.00) 42 pieces. **PIANO CLASSICS**, (\$1.00) 44 pieces. Also music in quantity and variety for all instruments. Send for catalogue, free.

Any Book or Piece Mailed, for Retail Price. **OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston.**

Send 25 cents for Copy of our Latest and best S. S. Music Book, **HAPPY GREETINGS**.

Asa Hall, Author & Publisher, 150 Nassau St., New York. Catalogue and Specimen pages free.

THE NEW BRIGHT SCHOOL SONG BOOK! BY Lowry & Doane. IS MOST DESIRABLE EVERYWAY! Send 25 Cents for a Copy in Paper.



KEEP DOING.

If you have a work that you know how to do, that work may bless others and benefit you. Keep doing, keep doing it over and over. Persistence and energy will win the day. The weakest of mortals a giant may prove, if doing and doing is kept in view.

The path of success is not paved for the smart, for the rich or the proud, but the faithful in heart, and therefore have courage, keep striving to do; for better it is to endeavor and fail, than only to suppose to succeed and fail. The world hates a coward—be brave and be true. Use every spare moment; time will not return; you can learn to do it if you do while you learn. Keep doing your duty your whole lifetime through, for not only yourself but others are blessed; Your noble example inspires the rest; Your influence widens the more that you do.

I. E. DIERKENA.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wasn't any use of fretting, An' I told Obadiah so, For we couldn't hold on to things, We'd just got to let 'em go. There were lots of folks that'd suffer Along with the rest of us, An' it didn't seem to be worth our while To make such a dreffil fuss.

To be sure the barn was 'most empty, An' corn an' potatoes scarce, An' not much of anything but chips and But water—an' apples—was. But then—as I told Obadiah— It wasn't any use to groan, For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But laws! if you'd only heard him, At any hour of the night or day, He'd pray'd for us all, an' he'd say, 'Twould have set you crazy quick, I patched the knees of those trousers With cloth that was noways new, B it it seems as if the pieces wore out As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little Of the thorny way we trod, But at least a dozen times a day He talked it over with God, Down on his knees in that closet The most of his time was passed; For Obadiah knew how to pray Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary, That of things don't go just right, I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high An' gittin' ready to fight. An' the giants I slew that winter I ain't goin' to talk about.

An' I didn't even complain to God, Though I think that He found it out. With the point of a cambric needle I drew the wolf from the door, For I knew that we needn't starve to death Or be lazy because we were poor.

An' Obadiah be wondered, An' kept me patchin' his knees, An' thought it strange how I held out, An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers, "God knows where His gift descends; An' t'isn't always that faith gets down As far as the finger ends."

An' I wouldn't have been one reck on Miss Obadiah as a shark, For some, you know, have the gift to pray, And others the gift to work.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD, in *Harper's Weekly*.

LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS FOR JULY.

July 7. Topic — "Talking with God." Read 1 Sam. 3: 4; Exodus 3: 4; 1 Kings 19: 13; Isa. 6: 8; Acts 9: 4; 9: 10.

In the matter of talking with God, we see the great advantage we have over those who lived before Christ died. The veil of the temple has been rent in twain. Now whenever and wherever we will, we may come into God's very presence and talk with Him. This fact occasions certain dangers and makes certain rules well-nigh necessary.

1. We should talk with God reverently. See Prov. 5: 2. Undue familiarity in approaching God shows neither piety nor good breeding. With humility and godly fear, and yet not as slaves but as children, should we ever come into the presence of the Infinite.

2. We should talk with God regularly. See Dan. 6: 10. Religious habits are as essential to the soul's health as are habits of eating and the like to the good health of the body. The habits of each one should depend upon his circumstances and need, but they should be habits, and should not be interfered with.

3. We should talk with God, really. Christians sometimes get into the way of using stereotyped expressions, without realizing their meaning, and without really addressing them to anybody. A single sentence prayed, is of more worth to the soul than a long and elaborate effort without heart and without faith. One reason why so many prayers are not answered, is because they are not really offered. When we pray, let us pray.

July 14. Topic — "Love for God's House." Read Ps. 26: 8; 27: 4; 84: 1, 2, 10; Ps. 122.

We shall love God's house:— 1. If we love those who dwell in it. In a very special manner God dwells there, and there we may meet and talk with Him. God's people are found in their Father's house. If we have passed from death unto life, we shall love the society of the people of God, and shall love to be where we can meet with them.

2. If we love God's truth. It should be true in the service of God's house, in every prayer, and sermon, and testimony, and song, that the great and precious truths of the Gospel are given to the hearers. If we love these truths, we shall love to be where they may be received.

3. If we love to work for God. Notice the meaning of church service. If we love to work for God, what abundant opportunities for the highest service are found in His house! In the preaching of the sermon, in the reading of the Scriptures, in the prayers, in the singing, in testifying, in fact in every part of the services, each one may do something that shall add to their helpfulness. If we love the service of the Master, we shall love to be where it can be rendered. Do love God's house? In what ways may I show my love?

July 21. Topic — "Put Off—Put On." Read Col. 3: 8; Heb. 12: 1; Jas. 1: 21; Col. 3: 10, 12, 14; Rom. 13: 14.

1. We must put off evil, if we are to put on good. There is no fellowship between light and darkness. We cannot serve God and mammon. The good and the bad cannot both reign supreme in our hearts.

2. We must put off evil by putting on good. We put off unkindness by putting on kindness. We put off hatred by putting on love. We put off impurity by putting on purity. We put off the world by putting on Christ.

3. The beginning of the human part of the work of putting off and putting on is with the will. We must come to the place where with full purpose of heart we can say, "I will forsake evil and choose the good. I will renounce the world and accept Christ." This is the first step, and a very long step, toward putting off the old man and putting on the new. How many in this meeting will say and thoroughly mean it, "I will!"

July 28. Topic — "Under Which King?" Read Josh. 24: 15, 16; 1 Kings 18: 21; Rom.

6: 16; Matt. 6: 24; John 8: 34; John 12: 26. There are in the moral world but two great kings, and every one is in the service of one or the other of them. These kings are the "Prince of the Powers of Darkness," whose name is Satan or the Devil, and the other is Immanuel, Jesus our Saviour. In the service of these kings there are certain points of resemblance.

1. In the service of either, sacrifices must be made. If we serve Satan, we must sacrifice honor, purity, a good conscience, the hope of heaven, and many other precious things.

2. In the service of either there are burdens to be borne. If we serve Jesus, we must sacrifice self, foolish pride, and, if need be, all that we have.

3. In the service of either, rewards are to be obtained. If we serve Satan, we must bear the burden of a guilty conscience, the reproach of good people, and the wrath of God.

4. In the service of either, we have an hundred-fold in this life, mingled, however, oftentimes, with purifying and ennobling afflictions, and in the world to come unclouded and eternal bliss.

Which king shall be ours?

Rev. F. H. KNIGHT.

OPPORTUNITIES.

"RAIN! Rain! Rain! Will it ever stop?" said Belle Harris impatiently. "I promised papa I would visit for him this afternoon. It is the day Grandma Burton looks for him, and there are two sick people on the list."

Belle turned from the window with a discontented pucker in her pretty forehead. Though she would not have put it in a positive thought, down in her heart she felt that if the Lord wanted people to work for Him, He ought to send respectable weather. She had not yet learned how all things really work for good to those who are the King's own children, so she wandered listlessly around the house, not able to settle herself to anything, since her own plans were disturbed. Upstairs she found her mother in her room, her head tied up in camphor, while she tried to do some mending.

"I hate darning and patching," remarked Belle, ungraciously; "but I won't see you do it with one of your sick headaches. Now lie down, and I will get some soda, and then bathe your head in hot water, and make the room dark so you can sleep."

"Thank you, dear. I knew you expected to call for papa, and I forgot there was no good umbrella here, so I didn't speak of my head. Never mind the mending, but if you will attend to the baby when he wakes up, I will be much obliged. Pay Millie and give her something for her husband to eat when she gets through. Oh, yes, there is a poor young girl who is to bring some sewing home. Pay her, and do her good if you can, though she is a perfect icicle. Remember, dear, we do not always have to seek for the Master's work. He often brings it to us."

Belle understood her mother; in fact, they understood each other, and Mrs. Harris knew Belle's disappointment was because of her eagerness to do the Master's work. The daughter kissed her mother after she had done every possible thing for her comfort, and slipped down-stairs softly. Here she found her little brothers quarreling over a knife. After settling that dispute, she said:—"Boys, I am going to mend here by the sitting-room fire. Now there is a large pile of illustrated papers papa gave me, in the hall closet. I want you to cut out the pictures for me, and we can make one or two beautiful scrap-books. While we are all working, I'll tell you an exciting story of some boys being lost in a great forest. I remember it's in one of those papers, and you will find the pictures."

The boys were so delighted with this proposition, that Belle had hard work to quiet them. "When mamma won't let us wade or sail our boats when it rains, it's awful in the house," said Ernest.

An hour was spent very happily, when the door bell announced a visitor. Belle found a pale, sad-looking girl at the door. "I don't care to come in," she said stiffly. "I am very wet. Here is the work your mother ordered."

"Oh, you must come in," said Belle, with a pleasant little laugh. "We have a fire in the sitting-room because it is so damp. Now, boys, you may stop up the sink in the kitchen and sail your boats awhile there. Don't bother Millie or make a muss, and I'll give you a little surprise after awhile."

As Belle said this, she had drawn her reluctant visitor into the sitting-room, though she could not get her to take the cosy rocker by the fire.

"Mamma has a bad headache, so you will please excuse her," Belle said, as soon as the boys were gone. "She left me the money for the sewing. I despise so sew, but mamma says I must learn when I get through school. Do you like it?"

"No," replied Miss White, sharply; "I hate it, and I want to go to school so I can teach, but nothing ever happens that I want."

The tone was so bitter Belle was almost frightened, but her tender heart was touched. She went over to the sofa where the young girl was sitting, and put her arm around her and kissed her. Miss White's stern face relaxed, and the tears rushed from her eyes.

"Perhaps it will make you feel better to cry, dear," said Belle, softly. "I know from your face and your black dress you've had trouble, but let me be your friend, won't you? As Belle said this, she had drawn her reluctant visitor into the sitting-room, though she could not get her to take the cosy rocker by the fire.

"Mamma has a bad headache, so you will please excuse her," Belle said, as soon as the boys were gone. "She left me the money for the sewing. I despise so sew, but mamma says I must learn when I get through school. Do you like it?"

"No," replied Miss White, sharply; "I hate it, and I want to go to school so I can teach, but nothing ever happens that I want."

The tone was so bitter Belle was almost frightened, but her tender heart was touched. She went over to the sofa where the young girl was sitting, and put her arm around her and kissed her. Miss White's stern face relaxed, and the tears rushed from her eyes.

"Perhaps it will make you feel better to cry, dear," said Belle, softly. "I know from your face and your black dress you've had trouble, but let me be your friend, won't you? As Belle said this, she had drawn her reluctant visitor into the sitting-room, though she could not get her to take the cosy rocker by the fire.

"Mamma has a bad headache, so you will please excuse her," Belle said, as soon as the boys were gone. "She left me the money for the sewing. I despise so sew, but mamma says I must learn when I get through school. Do you like it?"

"No," replied Miss White, sharply; "I hate it, and I want to go to school so I can teach, but nothing ever happens that I want."

Papa has been able to save more than one fallen man, and we must pray for your father. Oh, you must find Jesus; you need Him so much," said Belle earnestly. "I think Eddie is a Christian at heart," said Miss White in a hesitating way. "Mother was, but I've never tried to pray since she died."

"Will you begin to try now?" asked Belle. "I will pray for you every day. No one is in the study across the hall. I wish papa were here, but we can pray the best we know how."

If any one had told proud Cora White when she entered that house that she would kneel and pray before she left, she would have laughed at the idea. But in spite of herself she followed Belle into the quiet room, and even knelt beside her, saying to herself, "It will please the little thing, and won't hurt me."

It was a simple prayer Belle made, but it was as if she were really speaking to a friend right by her side. Cora White had never before any one pleaded with God for her. Belle had never done so for any one before. When she finished, the girl beside her was crying softly. Then after a moment's hesitation she murmured: "Oh, my friend, too, Jesus! I need you so much. Do take away these wicked, rebellious thoughts. Save me, Jesus!"

When the girls rose from their knees Belle's face was radiant, and Cora's had lost its stubborn look.

"I am not sure my prayer was answered," she said, "but I will try and keep on until Jesus is to me what He seems to be to you."

"Here is my Daily Food," said Belle, taking the little book out of her pocket. "I will get another, and we will learn the same verse every day. I'd begin reading the Psalms and the Gospel of John first, and when papa comes he will help me select some helpful books for you to read."

"May I send a bouquet to your brother?" she asked timidly, seeing Miss White's independent look when she referred to the books.

"We lend everybody books, you know," said Cora humbly. "We were once well off, and I am poor and proud. Yes, send Eddie anything you like, and thank you."

The baby cried at this moment, and Belle brought him in, fresh and rosy from his nap, for her new friend to admire. Miss White started off with some flowers and a box of strawberries for Eddie, and did not feel any foolish wounded pride, but looked back with a bright face at the young girl standing by the window with the pretty baby.

While baby was taking his bread and milk by the kitchen stove, Belle made paste for the boys to begin their scrap-book. She noticed then that Millie was not singing camp-meeting hymns as usual.

"It's tooth-ache that puts a damper on my 'ligion to-day, honey," said the good old colored woman.

"I'll soon cure that," and in a few moments Belle had a piece of cotton with healing medicine in the tooth.

"Oh, it's better already! It's mighty trying to have tooth-ache all day and sit up with your old man all night."

Then Millie related all of her husband's many ailments, and all about Sallie's husband and baby, and Belle listened pleasantly to the tiresome story, got Millie something for her husband's supper, and sent her home humming "Happy Day" with a glad heart. The boys were allowed to set the table, and baby Paul was tied up in his high chair while Belle made some of her father's favorite biscuits for supper. The boys were rejoiced by being each allowed a piece of dough to mould into any shape he chose, and marvelous were the transformations until birds were decided on.

When Mrs. Harris came down, she said her headache was about gone.

"What, my daughter, the mending all done! You did Ernest's jacket well. And you've made cream biscuits for tea! They'll be nice with our fresh strawberries. I see Miss White has brought her work."

Just then the minister came from the evening train.

"Well, Belle, I took your umbrella, and you weren't able to go out in the storm to do pastoral work," he said as he kissed his daughter.

"No, papa; I feared it would be a wasted day, but—"

"She told us a boss story, and let us cut pictures and make dough animals. It's splendid, a rainy day, when sister's here," interrupted Ernest.

"She got medicine for Millie's toothache and let her tell all her troubles," said Harry.

"She did my mending and took care of baby and gave me a nap that cured my headache," added Mrs. Harris. "I'm sure she has done as much good as if she had been visiting sick people and hunting up Sunday-school scholars. Oh, yes, she had a call! Tell us about that. I never could get near Miss White."

Belle told very simply and humbly of the poor girl's trouble and her determination to lead a better life.

"Oh, papa, you will make her father a special work, won't you?"

"Yes, my dear child, and you take Cora for your next work. It's only hand-to-hand conflict that counts much—every man conquering his man. I want you young Christians to learn to have some special person or persons to work for as for your own interest. See, while God was giving a rain that will be a blessing to the farmers, He did not forget to send you your opportunity, though without Miss White the day would not have been lost. Remember, you can sweep a room so as to make 'that and the action fine.'"

"Yes, and when God has higher work for us, and we are tied at home, He sends us our task. That comforts me shut in with my household cares," said Mrs. Harris.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women. It is to be ruled by a committee of foreign women, two American, two English, and two from France and Germany.

Islands, the Princess Kalani, has been spending a few days in this country on her way to Europe, where she is going to complete her studies. She is fourteen years old, and the daughter of Archibald Scott Cleghorn, collector-general of the Port of Honolulu, and the Princess Liko Like. She is especially fond of music and the languages, and during her stay abroad is expected to perfect herself in these and other accomplishments.

The regular rate for the services of a trained nurse is from twenty to twenty-five dollars a week and board, and as yet the demand is so great that any competent nurse can secure employment at least forty-five weeks of the year. Especially skilled nurses receive thirty or thirty-five dollars a week, while undergraduates in the second year's training are permitted to go out at sixteen dollars a week. Many highly educated ladies are now to be found among professional nurses, but the number of nurses is not equal to the demand, and the profession will grow in popularity for some time to come. — *Exchange*.

—Miss Caroline King, a young artist of Boston, recently gave an unusual proof of principle. She was earning a fair income, but was anxious to make enough in addition to enable her to visit Paris in the interests of her art studies. A New York firm were so pleased with her work that they sent on a man to make a contract with her for a series of designs representing the various industries of women. The arrangements were made, and Miss King received an order for three hundred dollars, which would enable her to take the coveted Paris trip. Then it occurred to her to ask for what purpose her designs were wanted. Being informed that they were to be used to decorate cigarette packages, Miss King felt that she could not conscientiously furnish them. She gave up the three-hundred-dollar order, and with it her European trip. — *Woman's Journal*.

In New York, a few years ago, a gentleman died leaving a large family of children, the oldest a girl about seventeen years old. The father kept a small real estate office up town, and left very little to his family. This young girl knew the family must be supported, and, having assisted her father in his business, went quietly into the office and carried the business on. She not only carried it on, but built up a larger business. Last week she accomplished one of the largest real estate transactions of the year, disposing of a large estate at private sale that was about to be sold at auction. Real estate men were so pleased by her pluck and energy that her name was proposed as a member of the Real Estate Exchange. She has opened another business to women. Without aiming at anything remarkable, simply by putting her hand out to grasp the first opportunity, she is laying the foundation for a comfortable future for herself and family. — *Christian Union*.

An empty heart, with cries unfiled, An empty house, with love unfilled, These are the things the Father wills.

And bowing to Him, as we must, These names are Love, whose way is Just, We have no refuge but our faith.

— *Walter Cary*.

Selections from "Our Youth," the Organ of the Epworth League.

EVERY young people's society reported or applying at the office of the Epworth League will receive a charter. It is recommended that all societies take the name "Epworth League," though it is not required.

The charter will be issued in two forms. One will be on a small card of the size of a postal-card, stating the name and number of the chapter, and duly signed by the recording secretary. This charter will be sent free of charge. The other style will be on a large sheet, size 15x20 inches, with handsome design, printed in purple and gold, and suitable for framing. As it must be sent by mail in a tube, and at rates of letter postage, chapters desiring the "large charter" will be required to send twenty-five cents with their application.

The League Leaflets, published under the auspices of the Tract Department, will be canceled, and no more orders for them will be filled. In their place will appear as soon as practicable the Epworth Leaflets, designed to set forth the Epworth League. At present eight of the series are now in press. Single copies of any leaflet or of the entire series will be sent free. In quantity they should be ordered of Hunt & Eaton, New York, or Cranston & Stone, Cincinnati, at 50 copies for 25 cents. The following leaflets will soon be ready:—

No. 1. *The Epworth League*. [A statement of the origin, aims, plans, and method of organization.]

No. 2. *The Local Constitution*.

No. 3. *By-Laws for Local Chapters*, with suggestions concerning organization.

No. 4. *The Reading Courses of the Epworth League*. [This tract will be sent free in any quantity desired.]

No. 5. *The Junior League*. [A statement of the plan for organizing the boys and girls, auxiliary and preparatory to the Epworth League.]

No. 6. *Constitution and By-Laws of the Junior League*.

No. 7. *Prayer-meeting Topics for the Epworth League*. [A series of topics, with Scripture references, for the last six months of 1889. It is printed upon a heavy card of a suitable size and material to be carried in the pocket without incurring damage. Every society which adopts this series of topics needs one of these leaflets for each member, and an additional supply to give to any stranger who may attend the meetings.]

No. 8. *Daily Bible Readings for the Epworth League*. [The Home Readings for the Sunday-school Lessons for the Third and Fourth Quarters of 1889, arranged in order for individual or family reading.]

We reprint from Epworth Leaflet No. 7 the list of topics recommended for the young people's prayer-meeting of the Epworth League. Many societies will find this list of use in their local printing. Any society is at liberty to reprint all or part upon its own cards of invitation. A useful manual would be a neat leaflet of a dozen pages containing the names and addresses of the local society, the constitution and by-laws, and this series of topics. Such a booklet might be made very attractive, and new editions might follow when made necessary by a change in the board of officers. As in most places the young people's prayer-meeting is held on Sunday evening, a topic is assigned for each Sunday in the month. Where it is held on a week-evening, the topic of the Sunday following should be taken, not that of the Sunday preceding.

There is a desert I have seen, A soul Sahara; nothing green, Redeemed with blood the arid ground, Where the heart's shattered hopes are found; Where to fall on suppliant knees— The Land of Broken Promises.

— *W. H. Hayne*.

Prayer-meeting Topics.

We reprint from Epworth Leaflet No. 7 the list of topics recommended for the young people's prayer-meeting of the Epworth League. Many societies will find this list of use in their local printing. Any society is at liberty to reprint all or part upon its own cards of invitation. A useful manual would be a neat leaflet of a dozen pages containing the names and addresses of the local society, the constitution and by-laws, and this series of topics. Such a booklet might be made very attractive, and new editions might follow when made necessary by a change in the board of officers. As in most places the young people's prayer-meeting is held on Sunday evening, a topic is assigned for each Sunday in the month. Where it is held on a week-evening, the topic of the Sunday following should be taken, not that of the Sunday preceding.

July 7. *Talking with God*.—1 Sam. 3: 4; Gen. 22: 1; Exod. 3: 4; 1 Kings 19: 13; Isa. 6: 8; Acts 9: 4-10.

July 14. *Love for God's House*.—1 Sam. 4: 13; Neh. 1: 4; Ps. 26: 8; 27: 4; 84: 1, 2, 10; Heb. 10: 25.

July 21. *Put off—Put on*.—1 Sam. 7: 3; Col.

8: 13; Heb. 12: 1; Jas. 1: 21; Col. 3: 10, 12, 14; Rom. 13: 14.

July 28. *Under which King?*—1 Sam. 18: 12; Josh. 24: 15, 16; 1 Kings 18: 21; 2 Kings 17: 33; Rom. 5: 16; Matt. 6: 24; John 8: 12; 26: Aug. 4. *Called to a Crown*.—1 Sam. 9: 16, 17; Prov. 8: 13; Luke 12: 32; 28-30; 1 Cor. 6: 2; Rom. 8: 17; 2 Tim. 2: 12; 4: 7, 8; Rev. 1: 6, 7; 3: 21.

Aug. 11. *The Great Things God has done for Us*.—1 Sam. 12: 21; Ps. 100: 3; Acts 14: 17; 13: 41; 13: 46; 13: 47; 13: 48; 13: 49; 13: 50; 13: 51; 13: 52; 13: 53; 13: 54; 13: 55; 13: 56; 13: 57; 13: 58; 13: 59; 13: 60; 13: 61; 13: 62; 13: 63; 13: 64; 13: 65; 13: 66; 13: 67; 13: 68; 13: 69; 13: 70; 13: 71; 13: 72; 13: 73; 13: 74; 13: 75; 13: 76; 13: 77; 13: 78; 13: 79; 13: 80; 13: 81; 13: 82; 13: 83; 13: 84; 13: 85; 13: 86; 13: 87; 13: 88; 13: 89; 13: 90; 13: 91; 13: 92; 13: 93; 13: 94; 13: 95; 13: 96; 13: 97; 13: 98; 13: 99; 13: 100.

Aug. 18. *In What God Delights*.—1 Sam. 15: 22; Deut. 10: 15; Ps. 69: 30; 31; Prov. 11: 20; 15: 8; 12: 22; Isa. 62: 4; Mic. 7: 18.

Aug. 25. *Thou God, Seal Me*.—Gen. 16: 13; 1 Sam. 16: 7; Ps. 139: 1-7; Isa. 55: 8; Jer. 17: 10; Prov. 15: 3; Heb. 4: 12, 13; 1 Thess. 2: 4.

Sept. 1. *The Christian as a Warrior*.—1 Sam. 17: 32; 1 Tim. 6: 12; 1 Pet. 5: 8; 1 Cor. 9: 26, 27; 1 John 5: 4, 5; Rom. 13: 12; Eph. 6: 13, 14; 1 Cor. 15: 57.

Sept. 8. *The Best Friend*.—1 Sam. 18: 1; Ps. 18: 24; 17: 17; John 15: 15; 12: 50; John 13: 18; Eph. 5: 2; John 13: 24; 17: 24; 1 John 3: 2.

Sept. 15. *Leave it with the Lord*.—1 Sam. 24: 12; Job 5: 8; Ps. 35: 1; 1 Pet. 5: 4; Ps. 55: 22, 27; Job 21: 45; 7: 7; Matt. 6: 25, 32; Gal. 6: 9.

Sep. 22. *The Fruit of Sin*.—1 Sam. 31: 6; Rom. 5: 12; 6: 23; 1 Cor. 15: 16; Jas. 1: 15; Heb. 2: 14, 15; 2 Tim. 1: 10.

Sept. 29. *The Keeping*

